EGYPT: By R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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Blundering Out of the Sudan

THE British public has every reason to feel bewildered and frustrated by the tricks and turns of the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations, as the result of which our whole position in the Sudan has been undermined. Six months ago the British position seemed impregnable. By obstinately coupling the two issues of the Canal Zone and the Sudan, and insisting on his Royal claim to rule the Upper as well as the Lower Nile, King Farouk was making negotiations impossible. Britain had conceded the evacuation of the Canal Zone in principle as long ago as 1946, but she was staunchly insisting on her role as the guardian of Sudanese self-government and ultimate independence. We all felt that the Government must stand firm until the Egyptians could be brought to see reason.

Then came the army coup in Cairo last July. Farouk disappeared to Capri in a cloud of corruption, and General Neguib took over. As usual, the Foreign Office decided to wait and see. As usual, it waited too long. In November, Neguib suddenly turned the tables. The Sudanese party leaders, having agreed the new constitution with the Governor-General, had come to London for final consultations about the elections which were to give their country self-government under British tutelage. On their way home, they stopped off at Cairo, and within a few days, to the consternation of Khartoum, they reached agreement with the Egyptians. General Neguib had bid higher than the British by promising them not only self-government but complete independence within three years! Furthermore, he had conceded to the Foreign Office that the future of the Canal Zone should be left in abeyance until agreement had been reached on the Sudanese question.

It was at this point that Mr. Eden made his first blunder. Instead of accepting General Neguib's offer at its face value and sending a Minister to Cairo to clinch matters immediately, while Britain's prestige in the Sudan was still high, he succumbed to pressure from Khartoum and tried to play for time. Hurriedly agreeing to turn self-government into independence in three years, and to postpone the elections due last November, he decided to make his stand on the Southern Sudan.

This area of tropical Africa has a primitive population of a million and a half. Only a few thousand of them can read or write, and they are run by a score of British district commissioners. The rainy pagan South is only linked to the dry Moslem North by an accident of history. In 1924 it could still have been attached to British East Africa, with which it has far more affinity. But this was not done. In 1947, steps were taken to link it more closely with Khartoum, and elaborate safeguards were written into the new constitution to ensure that the Southern tribesmen, who have dark memories of the Arab slave trade, should not be exploited by the Moslem townsmen of the North.

It is these safeguards for the South which for the past month have caused the deadlock between London and Cairo. In General Neguib's agreement with the Sudanese party leaders there had been one omission: the Socialist Republicans, a brand-new party which claims to represent the South, had refused to sign on the dotted line. This fact was heavily emphasised by the Foreign Office, which then went on to draft a new clause laying down that, in the three years before full independence, the Governor-General must have special powers relating to the South. If, in the exercise of these powers, the clause went on, he comes into conflict with the Sudanese Parliament, and is sustained by only one of the two *co-domini* (Britain and Egypt), then his veto is to prevail. General Neguib's counter-proposal was to omit specific reference to the South and to allow a veto by the Governor-General only if he has the backing of both *co-domini*.

There the matter rested until Colonel Salem, one of the Egyptian Junta, returned this week from a tour of the Southern Sudan. To the consternation of Khartoum, he was able to publish the written agreement of *all* the Sudanese parties—including apparently, the Socialist Republicans—to a new Egyptian compromise. The last ditch had been conquered at the first assault, and the solid Anglo-Sudanese front against "in-

transigent Egyptian imperialism" had finally crumbled. Instead, Britain is now faced with an Egyptian-Sudanese front against British intransigence. Seldom can the Foreign Office have suffered a more ignominious defeat.

The trouble is that these unedifying manoeuvres may well end in a debacle as devastating as those we brought on ourselves in Palestine and Persia. Having made two substantial concessions to the British point of view—concessions which many Egyptians regard as truckling to the hated Occupying Power—General Neguib has been outraged by the British response. There is little doubt that, last November, his main interest was in the evacuation of the Canal Zone, and he was ready for a quick, statesmanlike agreement on the Sudan which would have left it free after three years to opt for the British alliance, and so permitted the retention of the devoted British district commissioners in the South for a time at least. But since Mr. Eden preferred to play poker, General Neguib has drawn the joker and won. As a result, the sincerity of Britain's desire for Sudanese independence is now in question. It is far less likely that we shall be able to retain any influence after the Sudanese elections or prevent the anarchy in the South which can easily arise if the tribesmen feel betrayed by their British protectors.

What can be done to repair the damage? Two courses are open. Having been made to look a fool by preferring the advice of Khartoum to that of the Embassy in Cairo, Mr. Eden can take umbrage and continue to protract negotiations. In that case we shall be faced, not only with a grave worsening of Anglo-Egyptian relations, but with active opposition by all the Sudanese parties. This could soon make our position in *both* countries untenable. The alternative is to take the risk—and it is a big risk—of signing the agreement with the Egyptians, roughly in the form they have agreed with the Sudanese, and pushing forward as rapidly as possible to elections in the Sudan and full independence. This is the only way in which Mr. Eden can hope to regain some of the ground lost by his failure to respond to General Neguib's statesmanship in kind.

Medical "Treason"

Mystifying and revolting—these are the only adjectives which can appropriately be applied to the official denunciation in Moscow of the group of nine (mainly Jewish) doctors who have "confessed" to murdering two of their distinguished patients, Shcherbakov and Zhdanov, and trying to murder—by "incorrect treatment"—several more, including some of the leaders of the Red Army. The accusations are fantastic even by Moscow's standards. For instance, Shcherbakov had been suffering, for two years before his death, from pathologically abnormal obesity of the type generally associated with glandular disturbance; and his early death from heart failure caused no surprise. As for Zhdanov, in whose case the doctors are accused of deliberately "concealing myocardial infraction," it was widely known that he had, and was treated for, angina; and the medical report issued after his death stated circumstantially that he had been suffering from heart disease. Not merely is it unlikely that top men in the Soviet medical profession (one was awarded the Order of Lenin less than a year ago) would commit crimes of this nature; the treatment of the whole affair by Moscow radio suggests that the accused are victims of a particularly brutal stroke of political warfare.

Even so, mystery remains. It has been clear for some time—the Prague trial was only one illustration—that the Kremlin was reverting to anti-Zionism: Israel had become a satellite of "hostile" Western Powers, and it was worth while to curry favour with Moslem opinion in the Middle East. All this was intelligible—from the Soviet standpoint. But from anti-Zionism to anti-Semitism is a considerable step. However strenuous the efforts which may be made to distinguish between "good" Jews and those linked with "Jewish bourgeois nationalist organizations in imperialist pay," the Soviet Government has acted in a way which not merely gives all its enemies in the West the chance to equate Stalin with Hitler, but is bound to strike dismay in the large numbers of Jewish party members and sympathisers outside the Eastern Bloc. Either the Russians, increasingly Orient-minded, are writing off the West completely—in which case Western susceptibilities can be ignored in a purge of "cosmopolitans"—or their political warfare is being grossly stupid.

Kenya's New Colonialism

A demand from the Kenya settlers for "the transfer of power from London to Nairobi" was to be expected: the chance of exploiting Mau Mau terrorism into a means of stifling all African self-assertion—no matter how legitimate—was too good to be missed. The more moderate settlers' leaders, like Mr. Blundell, have clearly had to swim with the tide; and many who had hoped that Mr. Blundell might show the courage of real statesmanship will be disappointed. The settlers, to be sure, have their case; but Mr. Blundell's speech at Thomson's Falls shows that the Electors' Union intends to exploit its present advantage to the limit. The object, we fear, is to make sure that British opinion has no chance of insisting on constructive political and economic measures to meet the crisis in Kenya, and to enforce instead a policy of blind repression. For it is this, and nothing else, that the Government would find itself committed to imposing if they were foolish enough to grant the series of requests made by Mr. Blundell on behalf of "strong unofficial European opinion." Such measures would give legal and administrative sanction—and in the harshest manner—to a new colonial doctrine, the doctrine of the paramountcy of White interests in colonies of mixed population.

Towards Crisis in Central Africa

The possibility that Mr. Lyttelton and his friends are ready to embrace this new doctrine should not be ignored. Concessions are being made to settlers in Southern Rhodesia in order to ensure a favourable referendum of White opinion in that self-governing Colony on the issue of Central African federation. The present conference in London seems to be abandoning even the tepid liberalism of previous conferences on the important point of safeguards for African interests. The so-called African Affairs Board is apparently to be part of the federal parliamentary structure, and to lose its means of appeal to the British Parliament. In that event the federation would be still more overt a means of extending unbridled settlers' rule over the two Protectorates. A British Parliament which accepted such a federation would not only deny every principle of justice and trusteeship for which we have claimed to stand. It would destroy the last chance of peaceful development in British Africa.

WASHINGTON

McCarthy's Self-inflicted Medals

Our Washington Correspondent writes: Senator Joseph McCarthy has duly been allowed to take his seat in the Eighty-third Congress, despite the report of the Senate Elections Subcommittee which sharply questioned his finances and his legislative motives. There was no fight about it, and now that he has been seated it would require a two-thirds vote of the Senate to unseat him. The prevailing argument was the threat from the Republicans that if the Democrats asked McCarthy to "stand aside" at the Senate door, Senator Chavez of New Mexico, whose election was protested by his Republican rival, would be asked to stand aside also. The sub-committee's report now goes to the Rules Committee, headed by McCarthy's friend Senator Jenner. It would be a pity if it were pigeonholed there, for it asked many interesting questions, without providing the answers.

Among the questions it asked were: Why should McCarthy speculate on the stock exchange with funds advanced to him for his anti-Communist crusade, or lend them to a friend for speculation? Was there any connection between McCarthy's support of American Government aid to prefabricated housing manufacturers and his acceptance of $10,000 from the Lustron Housing Corporation, one of the leading makers of prefabs, for a pamphlet pleading Lustron's cause, to which he lent his name? Did McCarthy use associates and relatives to hide papers relating to his finances for ulterior motives? Did McCarthy's financial dealings violate the Corrupt Practices Acts?

On six separate occasions the sub-committee appealed to McCarthy to testify in person. He ducked each time. He called the questions insulting; when the report was issued he denounced it as a "smear"; and for good measure he referred to one of his fellow Republican Senators serving on the sub-committee as "a living miracle . . . the only man in the world who has lived so long with neither brains nor guts."

Perhaps if the sub-committee's report had been issued more than 24 hours before the Senate assembled there might have been a real chance of unseating the self-styled heroic crusader, though few of the newspapers saw fit to comment on the case. Perhaps too many were still stunned by the announcement, less than a week earlier, that McCarthy had been awarded six decorations for "heroism and extraordinary achievement" in the Pacific during World War II. There is a tawdry history behind this award. In the first place, Senator McCarthy requested the decorations (the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal, with four stars); they were not volunteered by the Marine Corps. Secondly, they were both routine and "arithmetical," as a naval officer put it.

McCarthy's heroism consisted of going along on thirty flights over the Solomon Islands in 1943 and 1944. It was not part of his duties as a Marine intelligence officer. Nor was he a tail gunner, as he sometimes claims. As for his claim

(made in one glorious impromptu moment in answer to a heckler who wanted to know why he wore built-up shoes) that he carries around ten pounds of shrapnel in his leg as a result of one of his bombing missions. U.S. Navy records show that his war-time injury, a broken foot, was acquired in an initiation stunt at the hands of King Neptune when crossing the Equator. Nevertheless, it has been the practice of the U.S. Navy, and of the Marine Corps, to issue an Air Medal for each five combat missions flown, and a D.F.C. for each 20 missions. Under a 1944 rule McCarthy was eligible to apply for the decorations. He did so, eight years later, and requested that they should be presented in his office.

America's habit of handing out decorations like woundstripes, particularly in the various air arms, has caused enough adverse comments in the past among her allies. This time it was too much for some of her own genuinely gallant sons. For the D.F.C. and the Air Medal are also given to real heroes. One of these, a veteran of 30 torpedo bombing missions from an aircraft carrier, who votes Republican and is a constituent of McCarthy in Wisconsin found his stomach turning. He posted his D.F.C. and four Air Medals to McCarthy saying: ". . . with your method of seeking public acclaim . . . I want no part of them . . . wear them and your medals at the next session of the Senate and maybe you can really convince your fellow Senators you're a hero. You haven't convinced me of that."

PARIS

The Significance of M. Bidault

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The formation of the Mayer Government has been followed by a spurt of diplomatic activity in Paris and elsewhere; all the Allied capitals want to understand the significance of M. Schuman's replacement by M. Bidault at the Quai D'Orsay. In France itself there was a feeling from the outset that something "equivocal" had happened, since both the supporters of the European Army and its enemies had joined in approving M. Mayer's premiership. The assurances given by M. Mayer to the Gaullists, whose votes he desperately needed, were, as I wrote last week, very vague; and it seemed obvious that, before very long, one or the other sections of the new Government majority would have to be more or less over-ruled. All "outside" pressure so far has been working in favour of the supporters of the E.D.C.—among whom must be ranked M. Mayer himself. He, it will be recalled, was one of the Radicals who, at the Bordeaux Congress last autumn, led the opposition against the Herriot-Daladier revolt. Thus "dismissal" of Schuman, after five years at the Quai D'Orsay, looks less like a revolution in French foreign policy than a gesture to appease the de Gaullists for purely Parliamentary reasons.

Had M. Schuman remained in office, much the same "precautions" would have been insisted on by the French. What is likely to happen now is that M. Bidault will attempt to resume further talks among the Six, in order to obtain a number of additional concessions concerning the status of French troops in Germany, the voting procedure inside the E.D.C., and the French right to withdraw troops from the E.D.C. for service overseas. Technically, he may also ask for a number of new provisions, at least for the time being, allowing the component parts of the European Army to preserve their distinct national identity. Also, there is a great desire to secure the "closer co-operation" of Britain, though in this matter far too much was read here at first into Field-Marshal Montgomery's recent statement. Actually his suggestion of a "coalition army," which Britain could easily join, is considered to be too much on the "Gaullist" lines to please either the "pure Europeans" or the British Government, for that matter.

In any case, it looks as though the Mayer Government, without risking its own life, will, at some not very distant stage, submit the E.D.C. treaties for ratification to Parliament without making the matter a vote of confidence. The "Europeans," that is those who consider the E.D.C. a lesser evil than uncontrolled German rearmament, are confident that, given enough pressure of one kind or another from abroad, there will be a majority to approve it.

RANGOON

Asian Socialists

A Correspondent writes: What is said and done at the Asian Socialist Conference may have little immediate effect; yet this meeting, being the first meeting of the Asian Socialists, may have far-reaching repercussions later. The only countries with Socialist-flavoured Governments represented at the Conference are Israel and Burma, and neither could reasonably be expected to change their domestic policy as a result of what one hundred and fifty Socialists say at Rangoon. Likewise, realism demands acknowledgment of the fact that Socialists from nine Asian countries, some of them entirely without national power or influence, are certainly in no position to better the efforts of the great United Nations to end the threat of a third world war. Nevertheless, remembering, as most Asians do, Eisenhower's remark about Asians fighting Asians, it is understandable why Asian Socialists should devote as much attention to the threat of an expansion of war in Asia—a war not of Asian making—as they do to "the definition of Socialist principle and objectives in Asia."

What the Conference has, in fact, been trying to do is to find how Western democratic Socialism can be adapted politically to Asia, and at the same time how the threat of war can be removed. These two problems have been linked with the question of colonies and the development of under-developed countries. There can be no world peace so long as some territories continue to be colonies, declared U Ba Swe, Defence Minister of Burma. Mr. Mosaburo Suzuki, of the Left-wing group of the Democratic Party in Japan, summed up the general feeling by saying that it was the main duty of all Socialists to prevent Asians from shedding their own blood for the sake of either a dictator, or for a policy led by dollars. Both these speakers, and others, want to have Asia developed by Socialist planning, by Asians, with the co-operation of the West, in order to bring about emancipation from capitalism. The Conference has been seeking a formula which will answer all these problems, although Soetan Sjahrir, the former Prime Minister of Indonesia, questions the wisdom of doing much more at the Conference than exchange views and experiences. What tends to help the formula-seekers is the fact that all the delegations are anti-Stalinites; but the question is complicated by the fact that most Asians divide their hatred almost equally between capitalistic imperialism and Soviet-Communist imperialism.

A strong, emotional urge, based partly upon suspicion and partly upon Asian nationalism, for a "Third Force" to protect their independence is, in the circumstances, understandable. What Attlee and the Socialist International have been trying to do—with the considerable help of Bebler and Djilas—is to press Asian Socialists to work closely with Western Socialism. The Yugoslavs have advised the Asians to remain "independent," but Bebler's stern warning against "the Soviet Union's socialistic and peace-loving mask, which hides the hideous face of a new conqueror, possibly more horrible than all those known in history," certainly had the effect of helping Attlee's cause. There seems little doubt that Asian Socialists will set up a regional group which will work closely, in some form, with Western Socialists. This, however, would not necessarily mean the end of the idea that some sort of "Third Force" can be built in Asia to keep the Asian countries out of war.

The Union Horse Goes Slow

LAST week, at the meeting between the Labour Executive and the General Council of the T.U.C., the union leaders firmly refused to set up joint working parties to consider the nationalisation of four key industries. Naturally, this has been widely interpreted as a victory for Mr. Deakin, Sir Lincoln Evans and Mr. Williamson in their war against Mr. Bevan. It is true that these union leaders dislike the idea of sitting down to talk with Bevanites. But, as a matter of fact, the proposal to set up such working parties was first advanced by trade union members of the Labour Executive, and it was strongly supported by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Griffiths. Last week both of them were absent abroad, but the result would have been no different if they had been present. The attitude of the General Council was known before this joint session, which could do little more than take formal notice of it.

When the National Executive met at Brown's Hotel just before Christmas, it decided to prepare a draft programme for publication in April. It realised that agreement on policy is the shortest road to unity, and, moreover, it could not take the risk that a surprise election might catch the Labour Party unprepared. But no one thought for a moment that a satisfactory programme could be drawn up without the closest consultation with the T.U.C., whose own General Council has been separately charged with drafting a report on the extension of social ownership. This report, according to the decision taken at Margate last September, must be first presented to the next Congress at Douglas, and then, as approved or amended, passed on to the Labour Party for its "consideration" when it is "preparing its next election policy." The difficulty is obvious: the Labour Party and the T.U.C. are committed to different time-tables. The National Executive wants its draft document out in time to allow discussion by local parties before the next Party Conference; the T.U.C. need not publish until the eve of the Douglas Congress.

This was why the trade union members of the Labour Executive proposed the formation of the special working parties drawn from both wings of the Movement. At Brown's Hotel the Bevanites had made the case for a five-year plan, which inevitably involves a substantial increase in public ownership. They therefore

supported the proposal for working parties as means whereby both wings of the Movement could be kept in step. For it was understood that nothing would be more unfortunate than for the Executive to produce a policy document in the next few months, and then to find it contradicted by a later statement of the General Council.

A majority of the General Council, however, has decided against such joint study. Apparently, it feels that the inevitable compromises of such collaboration might jeopardise the right of individual unions to criticise any proposals that the Labour Executive may make. That is why some unions, that have made common cause with the Bevanites in the past, joined forces for once with Arthur Deakin and Tom Williamson. Trade unions—even if they are politically radical—have special industrial interests of their own, and they fear that these interests may not be given so much weight in a joint working party as they would be within the confraternity of a purely trade union group.

The General Council has therefore proposed that the National Executive should go ahead with its own projects, and added that the T.U.C.'s committees will be "available" to the Labour Party wherever it feels consultation is necessary. The trouble with this suggestion is that there is no exact correspondence between the policy sub-committees of the National Executive and those of the T.U.C. So far as the informal exchange of ideas and factual material is concerned, this does not make any substantial change in existing arrangements; the two research staffs are naturally in touch with each other on a whole range of subjects. So far as policy is involved, the General Council has in effect twelve spokesmen on the National Executive, and an appropriate proportion on each of the key sub-committees.

It thus looks as though the union leaders have prepared two lines of defence against the Bevanites. By refusing to merge the two discussions on future policy into one, they have in fact left themselves a reserve of time and space on which they can fall back if out-argued or out-manoeuvred within the National Executive. They are, of course, perfectly entitled to take this line, and it was perhaps over-optimistic to expect them, when it came to the point, to abandon some of the independence which they guard so jealously.

The result, however, puts the Labour Executive in an unenviable dilemma. Either it must go ahead, virtually on its own, and bring out a policy statement in April which may later be repudiated by the General Council. Or it can play safe, include nothing or commit itself to nothing that is liable to offend the big unions, and thereby run the other risk of starting another conflict within the constituency parties. There is no doubt which horn of the dilemma must be grasped. Timidity will not pay. Labour support is slumping all over the country, and a firm and forthright Labour policy is needed both to rally the party workers and to show the nation that Labour knows its own mind.

Egypt's Nine Just Men

"You claim that your Army in the Canal Zone is there to keep the Russians out. I tell you its presence is the greatest single obstacle to the defence of the Middle East. We hate the British occupation and, if you don't go willingly, we shall fight. But let me tell you something else. Once we are free, we shall show ourselves loyal allies of the West. But you must take that on trust. We shall not sign any Defence Pact as a condition of your going. You must go. Full stop."

The man who said this to me was one of the officers who organised the Army coup in Egypt. It was my luck to spend the best part of four days last week in their company. We talked—or rather, argued—with complete informality and, since these men are not often so forthcoming to strangers, I thought it worth while to put down my impressions. It is an incredible story. Nine young men, who knew nothing about politics or economics, depose a king, send Parliament packing and, under the leadership of a respected senior officer, set out to liberate Egypt and push through the social revolution. For seven months they have carried on without any organisation except their own daily committee meetings at Army Headquarters. Now that the higher levels of the army and police have been carefully purged, and the more dangerous old politicians sobered by some weeks of detention, the nine (with Neguib as their chairman and three more co-opted members) control all the keys of power. It is they who take each policy decision and, with the assistance of a large number of young officers, supervise its execution both in the Cabinet (which they picked themselves) and inside each Ministry. Inevitably, owing to their inexperience, this leads to mistakes and delays. I myself walked into the office of the new Ministry of National Guidance with its supervisor, Colonel Sadat, and could feel the apprehensive confusion which our arrival caused. It is not difficult to imagine what happens when a really complex measure, like land reform, is pushed through by an eager Wing Commander of 32, supervising nervous and reluctant Egyptian bureaucrats.

What kind of people are Egypt's Nine Just Men? First of all, they are young, unself-conscious and without any of the pomp of the stock military dictatorship. Secondly, though two of them are comfortably off, they are all serious-minded professional soldiers from middle-class families, and utterly contemptuous of the old ruling class. Thirdly, though they are all devout Moslems (some are members of the Brotherhood), they are also Westerners, and believe that they are carrying out a democratic revolution. In their trim British-style uniforms (most of them have been over here on courses), they look and talk remarkably like the young Haganah leaders I met in Palestine. Surprisingly, they were not shocked when I said so. I asked one what guarantee we could have that a strong Egypt would not attack the Jews. He told me that they were willing to give the most explicit written assurances that the Egyptian Army would never be used offensively for a Second Round. The British occupation is their enemy number one. Of course, they are fiercely anti-Zionist, but they have far too much on their hands at home for foreign adventures *à la Farouk*.

It would be wrong to give the impression that they are all of a type. Actually, they are a mixed bag. The three who know England best say that it has made them "more patriotic." The only two who have read fairly widely are the most moderate—or were they really the most diplomatic in talking to me? Colonel Abdul Nasr, who is undoubtedly the organising brain of the Junta, was the outstanding lecturer on military administration at the Egyptian Staff College. He is a powerfully built man, with an attractive, quiet manner, which may explain why outsiders were surprised when he issued a fiery anti-British statement just after Christmas. "I merely stated the plain truth," he said to me laconically. When I asked him whether he had read any books about politics or economics, he said, "No, I leave economics to Wing Commander Salem. But I have read deeply about the British oppression in Ireland and the Polish wars of liberation." Colonel Sadat, who, like General Neguib, is partly Sudanese, and has an English mother-in-law who dotes on Churchill, admires Germany as much as he hates Churchill. He told me that, during his six years in prison, he had read a lot. The books which had most influenced him were *Grey Wolf*, Armstrong's life of Ataturk, and Jack London.

Abdul Nasr and Sadat were two of the five who began the conspiracy far back in 1942. They were driven to it, Sadat told me, by the humiliation to which Egypt was subjected by Lord Killearn, when he ordered the tanks into the Royal Palace and delivered an ultimatum to the King. "We were in contact with Rommel," Sadat told me, "and I was caught by your Army because a German agent in Cairo split. Yes, we were ready to bring in the Germans in order to get the British out. But did not Churchill in 1941 defend the British alliance with Russia by saying that he would make a pact with the Devil to save Britain? We feel the same about Egypt. When the nine of us overthrew Farouk, it was only a first step. Our main aim was to end the British occupation. When that was done, we assumed that we could step out of the picture and let the Parliamentarians take over again."

What are Neguib's relations with the Junta? He is certainly not a dictator, like Colonel Sheshekly in Syria. The young officers treat him as a father; they respect him, but each has his own views, and this, no doubt, is why the Junta meetings consume so many hours. It is important to remember that Neguib himself was not one of the original conspirators; it was only as a result of the row with King Farouk about the presidency of the Officers' Club that he almost accidentally became the leader of the Movement. Now he is the President and Prime Minister, as well as chairman of the Junta's meetings. He has something of Eisenhower's charm, and seems really to like his endless round of public engagements. "We just cannot keep him to any programme," Sadat said to me as we chased the General round Cairo one morning. We missed him at G.H.Q., caught him finally on an unscheduled visit to a Christian orphanage, talked about the Sudan in his car on the way first to the Officers' Club and then to the Presidency, and discussed the Canal Zone while he kept bobbing into another room for a schedule interview with the head of the American Girl Guides. Neguib has rapidly achieved an enormous personal popularity, demonstrated, to the consternation of Nahas Pasha, in a recent tour of Wafdist strongholds in the Delta. He also has a reputation for statesmanlike moderation, which the Junta is most anxious to maintain. "If you want to carry out a revolution in Egypt," one of them said to me, "it is as well not to appear as extreme as you really are. Before Christmas the General paid a courtesy visit to Nahas Pasha, and we were quite well aware that everyone would conclude that we were losing grip and so having to come to terms with the Wafd. Actually that visit was the preliminary to the Second Coup. Now we

have passed a law forbidding anybody to take part in public life who has made money out of politics. There will be four Army officers and three judges on the tribunal, and that means that the old gang are out for ever. When the parties come back, they will have been cleaned up." "But are you suggesting that you are going back to Parliament and elections?" "Certainly," he replied, "but we have not decided when. We are still not agreed among ourselves whether there should be a Monarchy or a Republic, and it will take some time to draft a constitution. We shall be careful not to finish drafting the constitution until the ground is prepared for elections."

Colonel Sadat and his colleagues were extremely frank with me about everything except their political intentions. But I gained the impression that what they mean by the "Second Coup" was their decision last month not to carry out their original plan of retiring from politics once the British are out of Egypt. The internal crisis which they face is extremely grave. Under the land reform they have already evicted many big landlords and are meeting with the expected sabotage. With two years' cotton crop unsold, business is at a standstill and the country is on the verge of bankruptcy. Most important of all, the negotiations with Britain on the Sudan, which they hoped, after General Neguib's offer, would bring them a quick and spectacular success, are dragging out dangerously and weakening their popular hold. Having plunged so deep into politics, they cannot now withdraw. Instead, they are being forced to organise their own Liberation Movement. So far they have relied solely on military power. Now they are going to organise a political machine, which will challenge the Wafd's hold in the towns and the villages.

What are their immediate aims? Here is the list I jotted down as I flew back from Cairo.

(1) An agreement with Britain on the Sudan. This is to be followed, they hope, by an immediate withdrawal of the two British divisions in the Canal Zone. Once the withdrawal is actually under way, they believe it would be relatively easy to agree on technical plans for Egyptian maintenance of the base in peace-time.

(2) American economic aid to tide over the economic crisis caused by the failure to sell this year's and last year's cotton crop.

(3) Rapid completion of land reform, combined with development of light industries and irrigation to double the cultivated area in five years. This will require foreign (American?) capital.

(4) The use of an enlarged Army for national regeneration. Conscription, they believe, is the most effective way of combating the 83 per cent. illiteracy and the physical debility which is the curse of Egypt.

I can see how tempting it is, especially for those who have grown cynical through experience of Egyptian politics, to assume that the Nine Just Men cannot last, and that we can sit back and wait until the old politicians come back to power. All the same, I believe this assumption is fatally wrong, and that Mr. Eden made a grave mistake in not clinching the Sudan deal when Neguib made his spectacular offer last November. In the Egyptian political vacuum, the Junta will retain power as long as it enjoys the confidence of the Army, and every foreign observer in Cairo with whom I talked agreed on two things: (i) that it can only be overthrown by a more extreme movement, and (ii) that it is the best government Egypt has had since the time of Cromer. Neguib has given us a last, almost miraculous, chance for a peaceful settlement of the Anglo-Egyptian problem. If we cannot agree with him, we shall very soon get something a great deal worse.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The French Communist Party

II—FACTIONS IN THE INNER CIRCLE

THE existence, on the one hand, of some half-million C.P. members, who control the Party press and the local organisations, and, on the other, of some 4,500,000 people who vote for the Party programme, but are prepared to make only limited sacrifices to achieve it, has inevitably produced conflicts among the small group of men who claim to represent them all. In any case, the C.P. which emerged triumphant in 1944 was essentially a loose coalition. Two factors have helped to increase fissiparous tendencies.

First, since the end of Tripartism in 1947, when all the Communist members left the Government, the Party has been squeezed out almost completely from all official spheres of influence. The senior grades of the judiciary, the army and the civil service, in all of which it was once strong, are now completely closed; and a start has recently been made to bar Communists from junior posts in the civil service, particularly in the schools. The Party is becoming increasingly isolated; and its H.Q. on the Rue Chateaudun, bolted, barred and guarded day and night, is a striking symbol of this isolation. To the militant Communist, isolation may have its own attractions; but from the standpoint of practical politics, it also has its dangers, and these have been the subject of comment by numerous Communist sympathisers during the past few months. "We are surrounded," wrote Pierre Cot in the August issue of *Les Lettres Françaises*, "by a circle of indifference and hate."

Secondly, the prolonged absence of Thorez in Moscow has been a source of great embarrassment to the Party leaders. He alone has both the necessary appeal to the workers and the necessary authority to impose a common policy on antagonistic factions. The lack of a universally recognised deputy to direct the Party in his absence has hampered its activities during the last two years; it has also made possible the growth of a split in the leadership which is itself a reflection of the differences among Communist supporters generally. This split was primarily responsible for the fiasco in May.

From the recent auto-criticisms published by Party leaders, and from articles published in the Communist press, it is possible to build up a fairly authoritative picture of the two groups in the Central Committee. Though it is fashionable in France today to speak of "hard" and "soft" Communists, this classification is inaccurate when applied to the Party leadership. C.P. circles in Paris have, however, coined their own names: they speak of "peace" Communists and "economic" Communists. These names are unofficial, but they provide a fair description. The "peace" group are the ultra-militants, the wild men, for whom the day of revolution is near at hand. Their war cries are Indo-China, Korea and "the American Occupation," and they are inclined to be scornful of the support, not merely of the bourgeoisie, but of the millions of lukewarm Communist voters. Their point of view was best expressed by an article by Francois Billoux early in May. The Third World War, he argued, had already begun. The Party should strike immediately, and with all its force, before it was so weakened by Government action as to be incapable of further efforts. The Party, he said, should not sacrifice its freedom of action in order to enlist the support of groups not fully devoted to its aims. "An alliance," he wrote, "between the workers, the bourgeoisie and the industrialists . . . could only be an alliance between the betrayed and their betrayers." The "peace" group consists largely of the older generation of Communist leaders—Marty and Tillon, for example—who played prominent parts in the Resistance and personify the tradition of militant action. They have retained strong personal connections with the old Resistance groups and also with the local Party leadership in certain industrial areas, notable in the Paris suburbs.

On the other hand, there are the "economists," a group, for the most part, of younger men, characterised by their greater intellectual powers and by their more thorough grasp of Party doctrine. None of them had a particularly distinguished career during the war years—many of them spent the war either in Moscow or in North Africa—but they have strong links with Moscow and have shown greater flexibility in adapting Party policy to changing needs and the changing Soviet line. Most of them regret the end of Communist participation in the Government and feel that the C.P. should solicit the widest possible support among French workers and among such other groups as are amenable to its leadership. Hence the name "economists"—they consider that wages, trade union strength and "working-class interests" should be given priority *for the moment* in the Party programme and should not be sacrificed for more chimerical schemes. In particular, they are becoming increasingly alarmed by the decline in the membership of the C.G.T., which has become very pronounced in the past year. They recognise the strike weapon as an instrument of great potentiality, which should not be blunted by indiscriminate use. In general they believe that the appeal of the Party should at all costs be made more popular. The group controls the principal Party organs and includes a majority in the Central Committee, but its influence on many local centres is weak. Thorez is nominally its leader, but Duclos (not very effectively) has assumed control of this group during his absence.

For two years, until the Spring of 1952, the two groups formed a natural balance, and differences of policy were kept below the surface. Members of both were received with equal amiability by Thorez in Moscow and took part in various official functions there. But even before last summer there were signs that the "peace" group was gaining a firmer hold on Party policy. During a visit to the principal Communist printing works in Paris in April, I noticed that almost all their posters were concerned with world affairs—only one illustrated a purely French problem (the inadequacy of old age pensions) and even this, I was told, was not being displayed "for the moment." Moreover, such balance as did exist produced rather a negation of policy than a genuine compromise—the lack of a firm policy was commented on not only by the enemies of the Party but also by some of its supporters—and the period coincided with a slow but perceptible decline of Communist strength in France.

Increasing frustration was the direct cause of the outburst of activity in May. The exact stages which led to the planning and launching of the Ridgway demonstrations and the subsequent strike are impossible to determine; but it is certain that these events marked an abrupt and decisive change in C.P. policy; and, if one may hazard a guess, the change was a result of a sudden upset in the balance of power at headquarters rather than a carefully formulated one.

Indeed the demonstration bore all the signs of hasty organisation. The customary build-up was lacking and the first official pronouncement of the change was not made until two weeks before the demonstrations occurred. This took the form of a long policy article by Billoux in the *Cahiers de Communisme* and contained the bland statement: "The conditions for a complete reversal of the political situation in France are now favourable." Nevertheless, most of the principal Communist leaders were involved, and it does seem as though the "peace" group was able for a short time, not merely to control C.P. activities, but to drag such men as Duclos in their wake.

With the failure of the strike, the subsequent actions of the police and the evidence of the unpopularity of the "peace" line among the mass of Communist voters, recriminations followed swiftly. They began with a stentorian blast in *l'Humanité* by Benoit Frachon, who accused certain elements of "being out of touch with the working-classes" and trying to "divert the Party from its true directions," and continued with a full analysis of tactical mistakes by Etienne Fajon at a meeting of the Central Committee. Since then, almost all the principal adherents of the "peace" factions have been requested to publish their auto-criticisms and have been eliminated from the leadership. Marty and Tillon have been purged: Guyot and Mauvais no longer attend meetings of the Central Committee. Many local officials have been expelled from the Party and the local reorganisation is still continuing.

From these events, several interesting facts emerge. The first is the failure of local organisations to give headquarters an accurate picture of feeling in the country as a whole. Indeed, it appears that the movement launched in May was based on the premise that there was widespread support for a more open form of class warfare. Secondly, information supplied by local leaders was often deliberately falsified. This is made clear from the address of Frachon quoted above. He went on to say that "certain sectarian elements did, on numerous occasions, distort orders to local groups issued by Party headquarters." This explains why the subsequent reorganisation, of which the disciplining and eventual expulsion of Marty was merely the most spectacular example, has been extended to all levels of the Party organisation.

Following this reshuffling of personnel, the C.P. is now in the process of reorientation. The "economists" have carried the day, and their victory is particularly interesting in that it is part of a momentous shift in Communist policy throughout the world: in a sense, Moscow may be said to have endorsed the triumph of the "economists" in France. Although the practical shape this new policy will take has yet to be determined (though the recent C.P. tactics over the Budget are significant), the general lines are clear. Henceforth, the day-to-day aims of the French workers are to be given precedence: the arms, and the slogans that go with them are to be laid aside, and the C.P. will look for allies wherever they may be found. The new formula was summarised by Duclos in November: "Only a National Front, consisting of the union of all patriots with the Communists, can produce a policy in the best interests of the country and can impose a Government capable of carrying it out."

Many Centre deputies are aware that for the last few years the C.P. has been playing it the hard way, and that this change of policy may reap enormous electoral benefits. They are prepared to admit that the Communists, by jettisoning the more unpopular elements in their programme, by appealing to the very real preference for constitutional methods of the French worker, and by a judicious choice of allies, may well poll 6 or even 7 million votes at the next election. A Popular Front may not be practicable at the moment: but a recent sign of the times is the return of several fashionable intellectuals to the Party after years of exile. In fact, after a year of grave reverses and the humiliation of a quasi-public rebuke from Moscow, the French Communist Party is, perhaps, basically healthier today than at any time since 1948.

PAUL JOHNSON

London Diary

THE Minister who is looking forward with least happy feelings to the re-assembly of Parliament is, I suspect, Mr. Lennox-Boyd. His Transport Bill has few friends; and the drivers are again threatening to strike against it. One suggestion I have heard is that the only people who can save road haulage from chaos are Arthur Deakin and Tom Williamson. No one expects private hauliers to bid for more than 8,000 out of the total fleet of 40,000 lorries, leaving all the less profitable to the Road Haulage Executive. But if those 8,000 go, the nation's trunk services will be crippled. So the idea is that the trade unions should buy the lorries. At £1,000 apiece, the cost would be £8 millions. The Transport and General Workers Union, which has well over £7 millions in its General Fund, could buy a good many itself; and if all the trade unions chipped in, out of the £70 millions in their reserves, the bill could be met easily enough—even without calling on the C.W.S. The unions would lease the lorries to the Executive, until the next Labour Government bought them back again. If the Conservatives stopped that, the other way would be for the unions to create an organisation to run the fleet at least until after the next election. The T.U.C. would broaden the experience it already has as a shareholder in the *Daily Herald*, and embark on a great experiment in workers' control—and all in traders' interests. I'm sure that Low would be ready to hitch his horse to a lorry! It would be surprising if Harold Clay, one of the members of the Road Haulage Executive who used to sit alongside Arthur Deakin at Transport House, did not jump at the chance, and bring some of the best experts with him. Strikers into capitalists, Sorel in the Central Office, denationalisation into syndicalism—no doubt it would appeal to Marxists who believe in the interpenetration of opposites. It might even appeal to the Chambers of Commerce.

* * *

Many people must have been as horrified as I was to read, last Thursday, of the case in which a little girl of eleven was charged at Hull Juvenile Court with attempting to commit suicide by gassing herself. She had said, though her parents denied it, that she was the "odd one out" in her family and was always "picked on." When she told the Chairman of the Justices that she would do it again if he sent her home, he clearly had no option but to remand her in custody for three weeks in order that a probation officer might investigate the background to the story. But the monstrosity of treating any person attempting suicide as a criminal appears at its worst when the wretched victim is a child. In the numerous countries where attempted suicide is not penalised at all, the suicide rate is not alarming. In Russia in the 1920s, for example, it was 86 per million inhabitants (compared with 22 in the 1890s), and in Scotland (where it is not punishable unless it "alarms the lieges") 101. In England, despite the majesty of the Common Law and the canonical threat of an especially disapproving form of burial service, the figure was 126 per million. It is true that today, with absolutely no justification from the law as it stands, we allow the police a great deal of latitude in deciding whether or not to take criminal proceedings; and they base their decision on the offender's state of mind, previous history, supposed likelihood to repeat the attempt, and possession of friends who will take care of him. But if it were true that the miserable farce of criminal trial was the only way we could ensure that such people could get the treatment they needed, that would be a shocking indictment of our mental health services. By making attempted suicide a criminal offence, you get cases like the recent one in which a magistrate said to a shrinking woman who had just made a second effort to end her life after being put on probation for a first: "This is what you go and do after our giving you a chance to go straight."

* * *

Labour loss, as shown in this week's Gallup Poll, has not yet been Tory gain. But a large number of voters seem to have swung into the Liberal column, which, as Mark Benney's Greenwich survey showed, is the sophisticate's way of expressing doubt. This shift is a clear warning to the Labour Party, and I think that both Right and Left now understand that the floating vote will not swing back until it sees that Labour not only means business, but knows its business. And that means really hard thinking about policy, of the kind that can be found in the admirable current issue of the *Political Quarterly*. (Turnstile Press. 7s 6d.) This number is not a mere re-hash of cold meat. For instance, Hugh Gaitskell's study of economic policy may surprise those rank-and-filers who were so infuriated by the Stalybridge speech that they forgot Gaitskell's great ability as an economist. Strachey's argument for further nationalisation shows that the "nationalisers" are by no means entirely on the Left; and Richard Crossman's discussion of our relations with Russia and America ought to be read aloud in every local Labour Party. Yet the article that made the greatest impression on me was Professor Robson's plea that Labour should save local government from becoming a mere agency of Whitehall.

* * *

To combine public service with an active cultivation of the arts was one of the marks of the Edwardian spirit at its best; and in that expansive age of calm and leisure the higher ranks of the Civil Service offered a chance for doing this to many men of talent but slender means. Gosse, Austin Dobson, Humbert Wolfe come to mind as obvious examples. Sir Edward Marsh was in this tradition. His public service was given as secretary to a number of Cabinet Ministers, notably Asquith and Mr. Churchill. His main contribution to the arts was to act as midwife—and it is an invaluable function at any time—to the literary generation which was coming to maturity at the outbreak of the Great War. He organised, or rather steered, into a "movement" the group of poets headed by Rupert Brooke, the group who subsequently came to be known as the Georgians, and who seemed at that time to be the heralds of a new poetic renaissance. The violent, and I suppose necessary, reaction against this movement has hardly yet spent itself, and Marsh barely lived long enough to see a fairer re-estimate. But poetry was not his only interest. An inveterate first-nighter, he was one of the few links between literature and the stage in the inter-war years. Painting he also fostered in the most

practical possible way, not only by taking an interest in young painters but also by buying their pictures. He built up for himself, incidentally, a small and valuable private collection. This interest he continued into later life as a trustee of the Tate Gallery and Chairman of the Contemporary Arts Society. Many readers of this journal will remember him as a regular contributor to our literary competitions under the initials E.M. He had a remarkable gift for pastiche and parody and frequently carried off prizes for his felicitous translations from the French and Latin.

* * *

Critic's paragraph last week on the indoor care of cyclamens has resulted in a bewilderingly various batch of letters from readers proffering expert advice—though nearly all Critic's correspondents significantly admit to the occurrence, now and then, of baffling failures. One suggestion, new to me, is that the pot should be stood on a block of wood in a saucer, and that boiling water should be poured now and then over the block. (The resulting vapour bath is specially recommended in flats with central heatin.) Watering—top or bottom, tepid or cold, measured or random—has clearly irreconcilable schools of thought; and one correspondent assures me, from her experience, that the one crucial factor is to ensure that the plant, indoors, has as much top light as possible. For my own part, I have a shrewd suspicion that what really counts most is the treatment which the plant has received *before* it arrives at its indoor home. If the cyclamen has been forced, before sale, into costly exuberance, you can impress your friends for a few weeks: then curtains. "A short life, but a gay one!"

POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A spokesman of one advertising firm which has specialised in lingerie advertisements, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday: "What we want are girls who look like bishops' daughters and who can pose in revealing undies without losing a jot of respectability."—*Daily Mirror.* (K. Neuberg.)

Children may be debarred from amateur sports for life if they are given savings stamps as prizes for Coronation sports, Crawley, Sussex, Coronation committee were told last night.—*News Chronicle.* (M. J. Marder.)

If some of our woollier internationalists are respected by the outside world it is because they have the good fortune to be British.—*Daily Mail.* (Isabel McHugh.)

We think the best thing you can do to combat the smugness of your fellow workers is to go to see the celebrities at the next important première of a film or a play.

Then when they say, "Oh, we saw that in comfort on the television," you can reply, "Yes, but when Vivien Leigh passed right close by me, you should have smelt her delicious perfume!" They won't be able to equal that.—*Woman.* (L. Stott.)

"I am admitting my guilt as a parent in going my own way and enjoying myself at the Salvation Army."—Report in the *Daily Mirror.* (W. Brown.)

A labourer . . . told Cheshire Quarter Sessions at Knutsford yesterday that he had been trying locks of offices and shops in Stalybridge late one night to gain knowledge so that he could lecture to young policemen about locks and skeleton keys. —*Manchester Guardian.* (S. Wrigley.)

CYMRU AND COVENANT

While Whitehall is busied with State ceremonial,
While Empire and Commonwealth
homage they plan,
Not only in regions remote and colonial,
Malaya, Nyasaland, Kenya, Sudan,
But also in Britain are signs of dissension
And national problems for settlement wait:
A crisis has claimed the most earnest attention
Of the Welsh and the Scottish Departments of State.

Caledonia seethes with insurgent committees,
For Scots, like the Gold Coast,
to Home Rule aspire,
While Wales is disputing four capital cities
In Glamorgan, Caernarvon and Cardiganshire.
Whitehall must find time to receive deputations
Of truculent Provosts and turbulent Mayors.
For the Stone must not cloud Anglo-
Scottish relations,
Nor Caernarvon and Cardiff disturb Welsh affairs.

In outposts of Empire the armed expedition
May stamp out rebellion, impose martial law,
But Whitehall dare not send out a fact-finding mission
To the tribes on the Tweed or the Taff or the Tawe.
If Covenant lairds should all take to the heather
Instead of surrounding the steps of the throne,
If the Welsh in a huff should secede altogether,
The Kingdom of England would stand quite alone.

The bonds of Great Britain no faction must sever,
Whitehall must at all costs a compromise seek:
Though the Crown lost the harp and
the shamrock for ever,
Keep the lion and thistle, the dragon and leek.
Though the Union Act will permit no revision
The Covenant claims must be settled forthwith,
And Whitehall for Wales must devise a decision
Between Cardiff, Caernarvon and Aberystwyth.

The wrongs of the Scots and the Welsh
must be righted,
The English make terms with the Celts
and the Gaels,
The grievance of subjects must never be slighted
In the Kingdom of Scotland,
the Princedom of Wales.

SAGITTARIUS

Strong Arm in Malaya

[The author of this article joined the Malayan Civil Service in 1921 and rose to the post of Principal Adviser on Chinese Affairs.]

THE person who impressed me above others on my most recent visit to Malaya was a Chinese-speaking official who showed me round some of the New Villages, as the resettlement camps are now called. He had nothing of the locally fashionable look of a fox-terrier watching a rat-hole, obviously was heart and soul in his job, and did not try to persuade me against the evidence of my senses that I was being shown the Garden City of the Future.

"Things are no better," he remarked ruefully.

"But everyone says that they *are*," I objected (I had just arrived). "There is certainly less shooting than there was."

"It is the Europeans who say that. But we are solving none of the fundamental problems. For instance, we are making no headway in winning these half-million squatters over to our side. Most of the good we achieve in one way we immediately undo in another. The majority of the officials live far away from the villages and know nothing of what these people are up against. Not one in a hundred could talk to them even if they did come here."

Such an enormous task as that of resettling a half-million squatters (the Briggs Plan) called for great foresight and imagination, and the impression I received in 1950 was that the Government was setting to work on the right lines. Above all, any suggestion of coercion was sedulously avoided; the Chinese were invited, rather than ordered, to come in from their jungle clearings. Most of them seemed happy to be promised a clear title to their land (it was all good quality land in those days). There were many setbacks after this, but before Sir Henry Gurney's death it was clear that the plan had at least succeeded in its initial objective of denying to the Communists a great part of their supplies. Indeed, at the very time of Sir Henry's murder, a new directive was issued from Communist headquarters confining Party activity in future to selective killing and the infiltration of Labour. The effect of this, coupled with a 10 per cent. increase in bandit casualties, has been to give a specious appearance of a military victory, now associated with the personality of General Sir Gerald Templer.

Personally I found in 1952 that the atmosphere in all except the best of the villages (wherein the cream of the resettlement officers had done wonders) compared very unfavourably with that of the early settlements in 1950. Everywhere there was distrust and suspicion. The villagers looked hostile and morose until, thawed in conversation, they would smile and then pour out their woes. They obviously felt themselves to be between the devil and the deep blue sea. Apart from specific difficulties and hardships—the wire fences, the curfew, unfertile land, remote vegetable gardens, man-power depleted by police raids, and the fear of being murdered by Communists or sent into detention by the authorities—they felt that they lacked the goodwill of the Administration. They also felt keenly the "loss of face" entailed by descents on to their poor shacks by squadrons of armoured cars, to be followed by the bark and whiplash of martial rebuke. Added to this were incidents such as that when General Templer removed a portrait of Sun Yat-sen, the Father of the Revolution, from a Chinese school, promising to replace it by one of the Queen, or when he ordered a Chinese village "to smile." All of this, of course, was excellent for Communist recruiting: sometimes a whole village would take to the jungle.

Later on, I found that the same sort of relations, though less acute, existed between the Government and the Malayan community at large. The Malays were most outspoken about the Government, but, even so, the Government was even more distrustful of the Chinese. Side by side with the assiduous cultivation and flattery of a few Chinese leaders, and lip-service to good fellowship, and a few political sops intended to have no meaning, the Administration, except for a few individuals, seemed to regard the Chinese community as a whole with an enmity and fear deeply seated in misunderstanding. Naturally an attempt was made to conceal this attitude in public, but now an unexpected witness from the United States has let the cat right out of the bag.

About four months ago, Mr. William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, visited Malaya as the guest of the High Commissioner. He went on a *four-day* tour with his host, and on his return to America contributed a long article on Malaya, entitled "Jungle Treachery," to the magazine *Look*. The reputation of Mr. Douglas as a man of liberal views and fearlessness in their expression is world-wide; his gesture in giving moral support to Britain in one of her most difficult tasks was a generous one. It is all the more lamentable, therefore, that the Judge should have been deceived on the grand scale

and trapped into repeating unfounded charges against the Chinese of Malaya.

The article bristles with the kind of errors and misconceptions that anyone knowing Malaya would avoid. (Apparently he did not submit his text to his host for correction—or did he?). A few examples will suffice. The Judge repeats the hoary canard that a Chinese has several aliases for the purposes of cheating, whereas (as is well known) a Chinese has a family name, a school name, and sometimes a "chop" or business name —no more for the purposes of cheating than Mr. Churchill was known as "Winnie" or the Baron family trade as "Carreras." And, as a one-time Official Assignee and Liquidator of Companies, I can assure Mr. Douglas that Chinese do not keep "*nine sets of accounts.*" "*The Tamil Indian by the name of Mohammed Eusoff*" might be offended if it should turn out that he is nothing of the sort. "*Bad guerilla country . . . bandits . . . ambushes here*" is apparently the harmless leg-pulling of a local Alfred Jingle. Penang is not a "State." The "*Worcester Guards*" are unknown to the British Army. That "*Malays always refuse to sell the guerillas food on any terms*" is, unfortunately, untrue. (Hence the number of Malays who have had to be resettled: they, like the Chinese, are only human.) "*The guerillas who derail the night train like to hold up and rob the passengers.*" They may rob the Government and its associates, but their policy is to ingratiate themselves with the general public, whom they do not rob.

What is more important, however, is the Judge's indictment of the Chinese as a race (thus repudiating Edmund Burke who, one would have thought, might have been his model). The Chinese, he says, own Malaya but have no ethics or sense of obligation to their fellow men. "*They* [the Chinese] *own the wealth of Malaya . . . own the country.*" The most recent (1937) estimate is that the total Chinese investments in Malaya totalled U.S. $200 million as compared with U.S. $454.5 million other foreign investments; and, although Chinese holdings have increased, the situation has not radically changed. Far from "owning" Malaya, the Chinese probably own less than a third of it although they account for half the population. Thousands of Chinese (as Mr. Douglas might have seen for himself if he had visited the New Villages) are miserably poor. "*Many believe that the Chinese could not be trusted with political power.*" Who believes it? The High Commissioner, whose task it is to hand over political power to all communities—when he sees fit? "*The Chinese community sits glowering at the Government, uneasy in its position. It owns the country, but is not welcome in its councils.*" This, so far as it is true, highlights the failure of the Administration. "*Malayan Chinese as a people have little concept of citizenship: civic-mindedness is largely alien to them.*" Who, again, says so? Did the Judge ascertain this from four days' intensive research, or did General Templer tell him so from his own six months' knowledge? "*Most of the wealthy Chinese are callous and exploitive. . . . Little Chinese capital in Malaya is dedicated to the public good.*" Was the Judge told nothing of Chinese liberality and benefactions to schools, hospitals, welfare institutions, British war relief, etc., etc., over a period of more than a century? Did he ascertain the amount of Chinese investment in public undertakings? "*The Indians, with their roots deep in Hindu, Buddhist, and Moslem faiths, have ethical and religious values that the Malayan Chinese by and large do not know.*" What sort of judgment is this? Is Mr. Douglas doing penance for his famous plea for peace with China?

We may be astonished that a distinguished Judge, so used to weighing evidence, should have swallowed such damaging misinformation without any suspicion that he was being deceived. (What effect does he think that his remarks will be likely to have on a community upon whose help his British friends rely so heavily?) But what are we to say of those who *fed* him with this kind of stuff? Ignorance they can, alas, plead with only too much justification, but of malice they will not easily acquit themselves. The key men in Kuala Lumpur are new to Malaya. One by one, those officers with long experience of Malaya, who are acquainted with its languages and customs and enjoy the confidence of the people, are being impelled to resign to make way for more new men to whom Malaya is a closed book. "There is not a single political adviser of any consequence in Kuala Lumpur," says the Singapore correspondent of *The Times*. More and more, the blind are leading the blind. The only types that will eventually survive the jack-boot will be the sycophant and the ignoramus.

Meanwhile the political clock is being put back as far as it will go. The post of General Officer Commanding is to be abolished to make General Templer even more absolute. In 1950, the late Sir Henry Gurney outlined to me a scheme for the rapid extension of representative government; he told me that he contemplated the early holding of elections to give the people a chance of combining on non-communal levels. His sincerity and good will got through to the people, greatly mitigating the severity of the Emergency controls, and it was felt that he regarded these as temporary and not as a permanent feature of totalitarian government. He also made it evident that his ideas were based on a close study of history and politics. Now "all this nonsense" is scrapped except for some unconvincing camouflage in the shop-window, while communal tensions are accentuated by the rigid military controls.

I do not believe in European "champions" of Asian communities. Being either patronising or avuncular, they are displeasing to free peoples. I therefore disclaim any pretention of being a champion of the Malayan Chinese. Furthermore, I am concerned for the future of the country as a whole. But so long as it is unsafe for Malayans to say openly what they have said to me, I shall feel it an obligation to be their mouthpiece. Even so, with the Malays I have no quarrel. My visit to Malaya at the invitation of the Malayan Chinese Association (unpaid, although "smear" says otherwise) was assailed by a few Malays incited to do so; but their leader subsequently apologised for the discourtesy offered me and for which he was not responsible. (The Malays are a polite and civilised people.) In a free country like England my relations with Malays are most cordial. The people of Malaya would, in my view, go a long way towards settling their differences were it not in the interests of the policy of "divide and rule" to exaggerate them. Justice to the Chinese need not entail injustice to the Malays, and *vice versa*.

Contemporary Malaya bears little resemblance to the happy country of before the war. The social atmosphere is oppressive, and even the most harmless political discussion is dropped if the speakers feel that they may be overheard. The level of cultural interest is declining as a fashionable barbarism seeps in. Yet the sun still shines and the grass is still green, and thousands of men and women, inheriting the spirit of the old Malaya, contrive to be as cheerful, as hospitable, and as kindly as they have ever been. But, all the same, no one's conscience can really be at ease and no one can look forward with any confidence to the future of Malaya in its present strait-jacket.

VICTOR PURCELL

Just Rock?

IN A.D. 117 the Ninth Legion seems to have been overwhelmed by the wild tribesmen of Galloway and Lothian, and the Sixth had to come up to York to replace it: it was as if a modern armoured division had been annihilated. Five years later Hadrian himself visited the North, and almost immediately the pioneer gangs began work on the Wall which was to bar the way to further barbarian incursions. For part of its length the surveyors for the Wall took advantage of a natural rampart, the northward-facing scarp of the Whin Sill outcrop that runs through the moors between the Irthing and the Tyne. And what, you may say, is the Whin Sill? "A sheet of quartz-dolerite intruded into the Carboniferous rocks of northern England and outcropping along the eastern slopes of the Vale of Eden, round Cauldron Snout in Teesdale, and across Northumberland to the coast, where it makes the Farne Islands." The Romans, in other words, being practical men, were making use of the local geological structure in their engineering.

Nowadays, being also, as we think, practical people, we continually use, and rely upon, the natural resources of our country—and of how many other countries?—without giving a thought to the origin and nature of these very raw materials. Rock, to a deplorably large number of citizens, is a commodity obtainable, in one form or another, at the seaside. But, for a moment, look round you: what is *mineral* in your surroundings? Everything of metal, to begin, and that is in itself a fair selection—iron, aluminium, copper, zinc, chromium, lead, tungsten, coal—the most obvious and publicised; oil and its innumerable by-products and derivatives—plastics, dyes, drugs, weedkillers and crop fertilisers; china-clay, in paper-filling as well as teacups and talcum powder; glass; cement; water. No one can say that the geologists aren't doing their best for the world; and the uranium they find in Australia or South Africa, the oil they predict a thousand or so feet below some Arabian desert, are not in themselves particularly lethal. It is the hand of the physicist that finally arms the natural savage.

Perhaps this is why the popular notion of a geologist is comical rather than sinister—there is no association of treachery and potential world-destruction which, one supposes, even the most placid biochemist must now be prepared to bear. And, when you come to think of it, it *is* rather odd to go about the country carrying a hammer and collecting fossils. Not carrying a hammer decently, with other tools, in an appropriate bag, but nakedly brandished. There is a local guidebook to the Isle of Arran, a notorious stamping ground for the breed in embryo, which refers to the creatures: "Geologists may be recognised by their academic expression, and the little hammers which they carry." And hammers they do have, no getting away from it—big ones, positive sledges, for petrologists (whose job, in most cases, it is pleasant to reflect, has nothing whatever to do with oil); and dainty miniatures, like toffee-breakers, for certain brands of palaeontologist.

The Great British Public takes these oddnesses in its stride, and produces its usual stock of pleasantry, of which the commonest, given with an air of tremendous tolerance, is "Looking for gold?" But Derbyshire farmers have been known to take a firm line with any doubters of Bishop Ussher's complete reliability in the matter of chronology. And why not? They have evidence of the Flood in their own drystone walls—"These are seashells, aren't they? Well, then—" Certainly fossils are a difficulty where zoological experience tends to be scarce, particularly the

invertebrate kind. (What do the schools include in "Biology," that great sack? Too many dogfish, perhaps, and not enough snails or crabs). One is not often able to produce something more familiar—very few small animals have been found as fossils, or birds; and to conjure up a whale from its tympanic bone would not be easy. To be convinced, the Public must have the Real Thing, a Prehistoric Monster, a Plesiosaur fifty feet long, or a couple of Piltdown Men. With anything smaller the Public tends to be a bit sceptical.

But the real test comes in this question of Time. Sooner or later it is bound to emerge—"I expect all these things are very old, aren't they?" And the wretched geologist, unable to brush it off with his own familiar dynastic scale of Cambrian, or Carboniferous, or Jurassic, or whatever, is forced into the open, into the horrid morass of *years*—and not a few either, but inevitably millions of years. Now it is that Bishop Ussher may reasonably smile to himself, for his own certainty, only a little modified, dies very hard in our so-called scientific age. No one really believes all this stuff about millions of years—at first. The gay chatter of the cosmologists is far more acceptable, for it deals with eternity—the size of the universe, the age of the universe, the speed of light, the recession rate of the great nebulae—and eternity is a domestic commodity. But to be asked to believe that those bits of stone in the rockery with snail shells sticking out are a hundred and fifty million years old—no, that is really too much.

Nevertheless it is so, and the gentlemen of Her Majesty's Geological Survey will tell you about it, and without charge. The Survey Museum in Exhibition Road must be one of the finest demonstrations of its kind in the world. With time and application it is possible, by going systematically round the various floors, to learn the principles of the science, and to get a wonderful picture of the immense ramification of the geologists' province. The mind is suitably prepared, for immediately beyond the door, on the ground floor, there turns slowly on its axis a great globe, geological, and with the land-masses in relief. It is worth watching a complete revolution, just to see that astonishing blue face of the Pacific, the "water hemisphere," turn and swing away. I remember once seeing a young woman in a flowered smock painting on to this globe the rock formations among the Mountains of the Moon—there's glory for you!

Elsewhere in the Museum you can see samples of the industries which extract from the land of Britain so many raw materials for other enterprises—a model coal mine, ironstone workings, a slate quarry, an oil field; even models, dioramas, of typical landscapes based upon various rock types, the Scottish Highlands as they are now, and a Coal Measure swamp as it was, how many million years ago? But this is not by way of advertisement for a Government Department, however distinguished. It is rather a suggestion that we should all get to know more about the structure of our own country, its resources and possibilities and limitations, and the ways in which such an appreciation can help in the future. We have a tradition in this direction, for the Victorians were tremendous geologists, and their "cabinets" invariably contained an assortment of stones. And they were always ready to observe, in their travels, the Strata, and how they are Displayed.

In our day, with family holiday expeditions scouting out every nook and cranny of the coast and countryside, geology is a subject No Parent should be Without. Once get to grips with the succession of rocks below one's native or familiar heath (clays, gravels or sand all rank as rock, remember) and it begins to make sense that a coalfield lies below the Kentish fields, two or three thousand feet down and pretty hot for the miners; that the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company should operate an economically sound oilfield in Nottinghamshire, where automatic electric pumps, like so many extraordinary insects, bow their long probosces over a little hole in the ground; that salt should be extracted from below the Cheshire Plain; that the Severn should rise so ridiculously near the sea and flow for such a distance in quite the wrong direction; or that the right kind of country should produce Arnold Bennett's Five Towns, or the Brontës' melancholy moors.

We are, of course, peculiarly fortunate in Britain in having rocks of every geological period (bar one, the Miocene), and almost every type, within our small island group. And therefore we have the possibility of tasting, without moving very far, a little of everything. In fact, it is hardly necessary to move at all. Look round you once more, at the buildings within your view: slates from Snowdonia, or, if you are in luck, from Honister in the Lakes; building stone from the Midlands perhaps—Clipsham, Barnack, or Ketton; granite from Cornwall, or Cumberland, or Aberdeen (Montague Burton's shops always used to be faced with a beautiful blue-black syenite from Norway, and still may be for all I know); brick from the enormous pits in Oxford Clay by Peterborough. Or, if you are a countryman, you have the very shape of your land reflecting and demonstrating its long history, not to mention the types of soil, and whether you can better grow roses or rhododendrons.

No, there is no doubt of it, the Victorians had the better of us, collecting their "stones"; and the Romans knew what they were about when they built that Wall of theirs on the Whin Sill, and worked lead in the country round Alston, and the iron ore seams in Redesdale. But how many of *us*, enjoying Robert Flaherty's *Louisiana Story* understood those curious explosions in the swamp at the beginning of the film? Those were the artificial earthquakes of a seismic survey party. And as Frisby Dyke might have asked, what's a seismic survey? Practical geology.

T. G. MILLER

A Ride on the Bus

FOR twenty years, until this summer, I have mourned the open-top bus—London Bridge Station to Hendon ("The Bell") for example, with twenty heads sticking up into the rush of fresh air, elbows inside the rail, smokers requested (and lovers determined) to occupy the rear seats—where, by the way, the smokers wouldn't have been able to read the advertisement for "The Smoker's Match." Smoking or not, you worked your way up to the front seat as busier people got off, stayed on it for the return journey, hung over the side at all the stopping-places, dodged the sweep of the plane trees, nodded to your own reflection in first-floor windows. There never was such a way of seeing so much of London, and there never could be such a way of seeing so many Londoners.

I have hated the covered tops from the day in 1925 when I first saw one in Cannon Street, and watched, vainly, for it to topple over. It looked like a coloured horse-box or a hearse for giraffes, taller than its length and bulbously ugly. It was always clear that once the thing had been done it would be developed; and as, in subsequent models, the bodywork squatted lower and lower over the wheels, top-heaviness disappeared and the fresh-air bus was doomed.

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demand its return. Although I have never actually written in support of them, I have nodded vigorously over their letters and wondered at the heartlessness of the authorities. I did think, once, of running an open-top bus myself; but I could never find anyone who would have been content to act as conductor while I drove, and I was told by the police that "skimming the cream" of the passenger-transport market would not be allowed. Driving young couples about in the nice weather, they said, would be skimming the cream. I should not be granted the necessary licences (there are seven of them).

But then, in Bournemouth one day this summer, I saw a beautiful white bus, low and rakish, with heads sticking out of the top and elbows flapping over the sides. I tore to the bus station in the hope that another would appear; and it did; and I got on, prepared to go anywhere. Swanage? Ninepence, please. There never was such an open-top bus before. No slatted seats, no flapping tarpaulins, no vibration, no involuntary fox-trotting to the change of gears. Padded seats smoothly upholstered in green waterproof material, car springing, dead-calm riding, and—huge acceleration.

That is the point—speed. If you are still a fervent open-topper, it is because you are living in the past; you need a ride on these Bournemouth buses to remind you that the ones you are thinking about used to go at twelve to fifteen miles an hour, so that (if you wanted to) you could look to your front and still breathe. On this Bournemouth bus you turn sideways to breathe; and the pageant of Bournemouth's streets is lost to you because, with streaming eyes nearly tight shut, you inevitably watch your fellow-passengers—as you would on a scenic railway or a flip-flap. Most of mine, clutching their hats, looked like reluctant pillion-riders, and I think two of the women were praying. I don't know what speed these vehicles actually do, but even the law says they can do thirty miles an hour.

This is the answer to you open-top bus agitators: speed. Time has marched, in the way it has. Back in London, I rang up the London Transport Executive to say that I understood and forgave. That was all right, it said; this matter had been "earnestly considered" many times. To carry their million passengers a day London buses must take a maximum load in all weathers. "Open-tops are idle for three-quarters of the year. The Bournemouth ones—Brighton and other coast towns have them, too—they are only a holiday attraction. The Greater London bus system has gone too far now for any fancy changes: people have arranged their lives, bought their houses, schooled their children on bus-routes as fixed and accepted as the main-line railways; and once they had waited, on a wet day, in queues made twice as long by halved bus-capacity, they wouldn't like sitting on wet bus-tops. So we should need at least double the number of buses," said London Transport, "and the streets just wouldn't take them." It added that they now cost £4,000 each.

Detachable tops? Well, they have these in the North, so they are not impossible. But for which part of the year, asks London Transport, would you put the tops on? The obvious answer may not be the better one: we often get more rainfall in summer than in winter. I do not think much of this argument myself, but the case for covered tops is strong enough without it. And it shows that you are now about as likely to get open-top buses in London as you are to get Roman chariots.

C. H. ROLPH

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End of an Abuse

THE position which Mr. Perkins-Jones held in one of the more conservative colleges of a great English university was a complete sinecure. On the strength of a brilliant essay written when he was a young man in the early 1880s, he had been appointed to a Life Fellowship, which entitled him to a stipend and to room and board in the College for the rest of his natural life. If he wished to do any tutoring his services were gratefully accepted, but there was no need for him to do any. The theory was that his presence in the College was a stimulating cultural influence, which would radiate to the young men (as the undergraduates were always called) without any active effort on his part. As Mr. Perkins-Jones grew older and eventually found himself living in a world where men, however culturally radiant, were expected to do some work in return for their emoluments, he became pleasantly apologetic about his way of life. When you were introduced to him he would smile modestly and explain, "I am an abuse."

It had long been recognised at the colleges of both Oxford and Cambridge that sinecures of that kind were indeed an abuse, and no such appointments had been made anywhere since Mr. Perkins-Jones had won his. At one college the abolition of Life Fellowships had been made in the late nineteenth century after a display of eccentricity on the part of two incumbents that caused considerable scandal. They were both very old men, who had resumed their fellowships after having been absent on active service, some said in the Napoleonic Wars and others, more plausibly, in the Crimean War. The younger of them had suffered a head wound in the course of his military career which had caused no physical disability, but left him more than usually unconventional in behaviour. The elder, who was verging on ninety at the time of the scandalous incident, behaved perfectly properly except that at 12 noon every day he would exclaim "Long Live the Queen!" and discharge a pistol through the centre of the ceiling. Fortunately, the room above was occupied by his younger colleague (aged not more than eighty-five), who was alert enough to remove himself from the middle of the floor every day at 12 o'clock to obviate any inconvenience that might otherwise be caused him by the pistol shot coming up from below. One fateful morning, however, the octogenarian upstairs woke up convinced that he was a mushroom, whose natural duty it was to remain all day in a squatting position in the middle of the floor. The result was disaster at noon, and the subsequent abolition of Life Fellowships at that college.

The story was familiar to Mr. Perkins-Jones, who would often recall it in conversation with younger members of the college, pointing out that things were different now and he was the last surviving relic of those more picturesque days. He recognised the need for progress, but at the same time felt that continuity with the past should be maintained. He saw that continuity represented by himself, whose career bridged the old dispensation and the new. He liked to talk with the undergraduates, was always interested in their ideas, and prided himself on being in touch with the younger generation. In his later years he spent most of his evenings at the movies and most of his mornings meditating in the college gardens beside an ancient oak tree which he felt represented continuity to an even greater degree than himself. It had been there long before he was born and would survive long after he was dead.

The movies and the oak tree—progress and tradition—became more and more the poles between which his dwindling life moved. One evening, coming back to college after having seen Bob Hope (whom he admired), he decided to make an addition to his will providing that on his death he should be cremated and his ashes sprinkled at the foot of his favourite tree. He caught a chill a few weeks later, waiting for a bus outside a picture house on a cold January night, and he had not vitality enough to throw it off. He was in his ninetieth year when he died.

His death caused some stir in the college, and everyone except the Bursar was genuinely grieved. The Bursar could not help feeling relieved that his rooms and his salary were now made available for somebody who would have to work for them. There was consternation, however, when at a College Meeting the Master informed the assembled Fellows that Mr. Perkins-Jones had wished his ashes to be scattered under the oak tree. There was some debate as to the propriety of such a proceeding, and at one point it was even suggested that the opinion of the college gardener be sought on the question whether Mr. Perkins-Jones would have a beneficial or a harmful effect on the tree. The Professor of Botany put an end to that discussion by vouching for the fertilising effect of human ashes, and it was finally agreed that Mr. Perkins-Jones' last wishes should be carried out at a suitable ceremony.

It was a grey February morning, with a sky full of the promise of snow, when the Fellows assembled round the oak tree for the scattering of the ashes. The college butler had carefully placed the ashes in one of the large eighteenth-century silver snuff-boxes which was used only on ceremonial occasions. The butler, who was an old and valued college servant, was himself given the privilege of emptying the ashes, and he did so with the help of a curved silver spoon which some of the Fellows remembered having seen used to dish out sauces at college feasts. The wind blew the ashes from the spoon before he had a chance to empty it, and all that remained of Mr. Perkins-Jones soon lay scattered on the ground. Yet not quite all; for the snuff-box was octagonal, and some of the ashes stuck in the corners. The butler turned the box upside down and tapped, first slightly and reverently, then more firmly, and finally with a touch of temper. The Chaplain murmured a prayer. The Fellows, standing in a semi-circle in the academic gowns, shivered. Light snow began to fall from the dull sky, settling on the branches of the oak tree, but round the base of the trunk, where the ground was protected by the branches, it remained clear, and the ashes of Mr. Perkins-Jones lay sheltered under the tree's whitening arms.

DAVID DAICHES

The Arts and Entertainment

FRANK MARTIN

We have been slow in making the acquaintance of Frank Martin, although he was born at Geneva as long ago as 1890; and even now we have heard only a handful of his works. Those who know his music tell us that he was a late developer; and it is probable that he is represented at his best by the works that have so far reached us, such as *Le vin herbé*, the *Petite symphonie concertante* (finely recorded by Decca), the Concerto for Seven Wind Instruments, Percussion and Strings (an attractive piece, lately issued on a Nixa record), and the Violin Concerto introduced by Szigeti at the 1952 Edinburgh Festival and finely performed twice for the B.B.C. last week-end by its original interpreter, Hans Heinz Schneeberger.

There are people who make no particular impression on us until some accident throws us much in their company, and who then reveal unsuspected qualities of mind and heart. Frank Martin is perhaps a composer of this sort. He is neither dull nor conventional; but his lively intelligence and fancy are controlled by a kind of musical good breeding, a gentleness and sobriety of style, by which our attention is not instantly arrested. In this respect he is the precise opposite of his fellow-citizen, Ernest Bloch, a composer who beats his breast and cries aloud to high heaven. Out of the tragic sufferings of his race Bloch has indeed written some splendid works of impassioned protest, glowing with all the gold and purple and scarlet of the ephod; but, like other prophets, he finds it hard to moderate his voice, and, when he does so, we are sometimes dismayed by the poverty of the actual thought. Compared with Bloch or Bartok or Stravinsky, Frank Martin speaks in low tones. His flavour may seem mild, his colours subdued; yet on closer acquaintance his absolute integrity and his curiously poetic intelligence establish a powerful hold on our affections.

In these recent compositions one thing is especially impressive: the harmonious accord of form and content. The many influences of Martin's artistic career—the rhythmical experiments of Jaques-Dalcroze, the clear texture and sensitive declamation of Debussy, the twelve-note system of Schönberg—have been digested into a style which is altogether his own. The musical substance is rich and spontaneous, the writing ingenious and beautifully supple: Martin is now a skilled craftsman, and his technical mastery is of the kind which does not obtrude itself but rather makes channels, so to speak, for the free flow of his lyrical fancy. Anyone who examines the piano reduction of his Violin Concerto (Universal Edition) will discover many instances of this happy equilibrium of inspiration and skill. The first movement, about which I remember feeling some doubts at Edinburgh, is now revealed as a firmly planned and finely executed lyrical allegro—the unusual marking, *Allegro tranquillo*, exactly describes it. The slow movement deploys a sinuous cantilena of great beauty against one of the composer's characteristic rocking backgrounds, and builds inevitably towards a majestic climax; while the finale is full of the happiest rhythmic and textural *trouvailles*. But the piano reduction can give no idea of the fine spacing and clean colours of the orchestral scoring. Martin is that rarity: a gentle, meditative composer for whom the blurred outline holds no charm.

It happened that the days on which this work was played were filled, for me, with the study of another Violin Concerto, that of Alban Berg; and I cannot pay the Swiss composer a greater compliment than to say that his work was not obliterated by that surpassingly poetic and moving elegy, which is surely Berg's masterpiece. It is to be performed twice by the B.B.C. on January 28 and 29 (on the first date in public at the Festival Hall); and those who intend to hear it cannot prepare themselves better than by studying Mosco Carner's excellent essay in the Pelican volume called *The Concerto*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

FUSS, FLUTTER AND FRIZZ

The Merchant of Venice has long been a despised member of the Shakespearean canon, chiefly, I suspect, because innumerable School Certificate examiners have pawed it over and over, doing their wicked best to destroy its gloss. This year it is to be revived twice; it will open the season at Stratford and Mr. Hugh Hunt has just produced it at the Old Vic. It will no doubt be counted as a virtue to Mr. Hunt to have made the play popular once again, as undoubtedly he has done; but his version seems to me to be full of the contemporary producer's vices. It is only in the third act and in the trial scene especially that the virtues of the production are allowed to come to light. These virtues consist, it must be admitted, almost exclusively of Miss Irene Worth, the Portia, and Mr. Paul Rogers's Shylock. Mr. Rogers made a magnificent Jew throughout, dominating and erect in his pride of race, scornful, biting, on the attack. The absence of any hint of cringe until the very last moment of his defeat served to make that moment all the more poignant. He did not aim at the superb theatricality that I still remember in Robert Helpmann's Shylock from the far better Stratford production of this play by Michael Benthall a few years back. His was the romantic, dramatic interpretation of the Jew (the one I like best), but muted by a certain realism caught from the production itself. Yet his strength, consistency, control and command made this a memorable performance.

Miss Irene Worth, too, was an exceptional Balthazar. Too many Portias, when they don the gown, behave like pantomime dames. There was nothing of that sort about Miss Worth. She dashed into action like a dreadnought with all guns firing, and dealt out her judgments incisively and briskly, meaning serious business from the very first moment. Earlier, as Portia, she suffered more than anyone from the producer's vices, of fuss, flutter and frizz. But in this scene Mr. Hunt was at last content to leave his actors alone, and they burst out of the trammels, so it seemed to me, and showed us what they could really do and might all along have done. How curious it is that a producer who can use such tact and restraint as Mr. Hunt uses in this scene—notice the very effective quietness of the Gratiano (William Squire), a character who is usually encouraged to run riot with his taunts—should in the same production be guilty of such tiresome excesses and frivolous, pointless overdecoration.

These are not enough, it is true, to ruin the play for the discriminating audience, as the same kind of treatment was in Mr. Hunt's recent production of *Twelfth Night*. But let us deplore them loudly in the hope of driving them out of the theatre, even though—or perhaps especially because—they tickle the eyes and ears of the groundlings. What conceivably can be gained by advancing the period of the decor to the eighteenth century? Novelty, nothing else. The loss is evident in speed, gaiety and lightness. One's spirits sink at the opening with its great heavy blocks of building down each side of the stage and its slow-moving, slow-talking merchants in three-cornered hats and dun-coloured coats laboriously reasoning out their jokes. They sink still further as we recognise in the Salerio and Salanio funnified fogies swept in from the dustpan of some bad Guthrie production. Nor did my spirits, at least, arise in tune with the slow rising of Belmont on a lift. For prominent in Portia's court is a flour-faced, pantalooned, sharp-nosed *commedia dell'arte* clown; and close acquaintance with this boring cliché in the last

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two or three years suggested—only too rightly as it turned out—that he would keep obtruding his glum noddle between us and the verse, and that he would (how consistently Mr. Hunt overworks the dying fall!) be the last figure left as the last light died before the last curtain, symbol—blessed blanket word!—of heaven knows what.

These examples will serve to indicate the kind of production this is—a reversion by Mr. Hunt to a manner we hoped he had dropped. One may divine what was going on in his mind to have been something like this: *The Merchant* is a play that is staled and flattened by a hundred thousand bad school performances. How can we restore to it its magic, its fairy-tale quality? Well, the short answer to that is very simple. By paying attention to the speaking of the verse. In Shakespeare's romantic comedies the verse is the key that unlocks the enchanted garden. There is no other way in. But Mr. Hunt has encouraged the company to just the opposite approach. They break up the verse with naturalistic pauses and descriptive bits of business, until pattern, melody and rhythm are totally destroyed. By then it is no use adding pretty decorations or trying to establish symbolic figures. We are already locked out.

The company itself is not to be blamed for these shortcomings. They carry out the producer's conception with great spirit. Mr. Kenneth Connor is one of the best Launcelot Gobbos I remember, and with Mr. Newton Blick as his father succeeds in making the comic scenes freshly comic. Miss Claire Bloom gives her enchantment to Jessica and that is all that is needed. Mr. Robert Urquhart serves Bassanio well. Mr. Wolfe Morris looks so admirable as Tubal that it only makes it the sadder when he is allowed to dredge up two cheap laughs at the wrong moment.

Miss Googie Withers has taken over Miss Peggy Ashcroft's part in *The Deep Blue Sea* and the play loses nothing by the change. A second visit confirms my view that this is a brilliant play and that the acting in it is the best to be seen in London. I hope to be able to write at greater length about it next week.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

I DOUBT very much if many listeners ever sample the various regional programmes at their source; except for the nature programmes of the enterprising West and the music from the different northern services, chiefly the Scottish, we know little of the kind of work that is being produced outside our district. Lately, however, several interesting features have turned out to be regional exports; the best of these, showing not only a fresh approach but a freshness of material. *The Railway King*, of which I spoke last week, was originally a Northern production. And in the last few days we have had two performances (but why only on the Third?) of a striking dramatic feature from Wales, *Gazooka*, by Gwyn Thomas, a tale of the home-made jazz bands which occupied the workless Rhondda miners in the Strike year of 1926. This was a comedy of extraordinary vitality. But Welsh humour has its roots in a dark soil, and *Gazooka* illustrated also how close comedy is to seriousness when it is on the farther side of farce. The changing scenes, the crowds and visualised settings made it tricky material for broadcasting—nearer in fact to cinema than to stage drama—but it was somehow translated into radio terms; the linking narrative that radio allows bringing out the irony and the poetry of this strange summer story.

The straight play on the air is generally a thoroughly competent piece of work in acting and production; pitfalls are known and avoided; and there imagination comes to a standstill; little remains, in short, to stir one's critical attention but the plot and the interpretation of the more problematic characters—particularly if they represent historical or literary personages.

Raymond Raikes's production of *Sherlock Holmes* on Saturday Night Theatre was, alas, a disappointment—not really in plot, for all its rococo and romantic embellishments—nor yet in the helpful emphasis of the sound-effects: ("Now, somewhere over here I have left my hypodermic syringe." *Uses it.*) Indeed, Watson's slightly bitter remark: "All that I have to say has already crossed your mind," has an unexpected astringency. The trouble was in the voices—even though they belonged to actors as wholly admirable as Carleton Hobbs and Norman Shelley. They sounded like gentlemen, but not like the right gentlemen. Holmes, at least, required a manner more stylised and evocative: perhaps the voice of Ernest Thesiger might have served. Or of Ernest Milton. But here my pen begins to falter. *Bonaventure*, which demanded for its enjoyment little more than ninety minutes of leisure and a suspension of disbelief, provided further reflections on the broadcast play. Here was a nun-detective in a Norfolk nursing order, doubly separated from the outside world by the local floods; and, an even more daring singularity, a doctor who is finally discomfited. But, while one mused on the convention that no theatrical hospital ever has more than two patients (this had one), and that no native of Norfolk speaks other than a dialect of the West region, it was also possible to see how much the ordinary radio drama gains from a limited and concentrated scene, whether the walls are those of prison, convent, hospital, school or, in its time, of a convention-ridden mid-Victorian house.

The half-hour at 6.15 allotted three times weekly to the *Younger Generation* conceals, I am sure, beneath its lively surface not a little serious intention and experiment. It had recently, for instance, an excellent series on music (*Behind the Scenes*), in which composers and others illustrated the problems of their craft. Of the talks which I heard in this I particularly recall those of Neville Cardus and Gerald Moore; one on the critic, the other on the accompanist. These were outstandingly good; both threw an edifying light on their mystery, never once speaking down, or following worn tracks in their familiar subjects. Another session is given to the discussion of plays, books and films. I could not but admire the determination and tact with which last week's visiting adult (Paul Dehn) disposed of Mr. Hemingway while leaving a youthful Hemingway enthusiast almost unscarred—a delicate situation.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The General," at the National Film Theatre
"Cops and Robbers," at the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Prisoner of Zenda," at the Empire
"My Cousin Rachel," at the Odeon

The members and associates of the British Film Institute are a growing body: they enjoy the most delightful of cinemas, the most delightful of films. For their delectation (Sundays to Wednesdays) has been recovered Buster Keaton's *The General*, out of the shining age of comedy. *Le silence*—remarked M. Clair—*est d'or.* None more golden, more silent than Buster Keaton. Speechlessness with him has abandoned even the normal play of expression; he lets his actions, which are always intent and serious, and his eyes—his big, beautiful eyes—tell everything. They may remind us, when he stares (but without recognition) straight at us, of Lear's Yongy-Bongy-Bo. Something of the same small, ageless, æsthetic look, emphasised on this occasion by long hair and an artist's flowing tie, endears both; and if the Yongy-Bongy-Bo went off sailing on a turtle, no less oddly romantic is Buster's devotion to an engine with a wide-hatted funnel and capacious skirts called The General.

He is so spry and attentive, she so maternally fussy yet dependable: it's as though this small boy had realised every small boy's dream, of being an engine-driver. As they draw into view, slowing down for his home-town station, he flicks the dust off a handrail while he negligently leans over. Thereafter events move with an irresistible fatality: he pays a call on his sweetheart, the Civil War bursts upon them, the recruiting officer sends him back crestfallen to his engine, and off he drives on a journey in which spies, snipers, retreating armies, enemy trains, fouled lines, and cut bridges create furious excitement.

In us, but never in him. He saws at a log to stoke The General while the Southern forces straggle by; then come the victorious Northerners; and by the time he has finished stoking and looks up, all is tranquil as when he started. Even extreme danger puzzles rather than disturbs him. At one juncture, for example, he is in hot pursuit of an enemy train and lights the fuse of a howitzer towed behind; but he has been a little spare with the powder, and the cannon-ball lollops into his engine cab where he is looking out for havoc ahead. The splendid to and fro on a single track with indispensable loops, involving in the end three engines and a troop train, has an idyllic precision: nothing missed, nothing overstressed, all in tune and irrefutable as a solution in mathematics. The whole film runs so, faultless in the serenity of its hair-raising adventures; and Mr. Arthur Dulay's piano accompaniment is lightly right. What a pity the larger public cannot benefit from *The General*! I believe that for many casual cinema-

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goers the discovery that comedy may thrive better without yap and grimace might come as a pleasurable surprise.

The current films are a poor lot. *Cops and Robbers* offers a genuine new comedian in Toto, who plays dainty crook to Aldo Fabrizi's fat policeman, two nice studies in slippery and sorrowful turns of conscience. But there's too much Italianate talk, in dubbed English, and what should go lightly sometimes hangs heavy. The "new" *Prisoner of Zenda*—as it is recommended to us—cashes in on Coronation year with regalia and Miss Deborah Kerr and Mr. Stewart Granger in a double role and Mr. James Mason, crop-headed, almost out of his. It sustains an agreeable convention; more than can be said of *My Cousin Rachel*, in which everyone talks as though he or she were busy trying to write a Du Maurier shocker. This is for the fans who can't resist black looks (male) and sphinx smiles (female), poison berries, beetling cliffs, the horrid Seventies (or whenever it was), visionary beds of sickness, and the groans of an orchestra in torment. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Princess and the Swineherd," at the Mercury

In its original form *The Swineherd*, by Hans Andersen, is a tragedy, for the vainglorious princess ends up a beggar, plaintively singing the only song she could ever learn outside the closed doors of the prince's palace:

"Oh my darling, Augustine,
All is lost! all is lost!"

But Mr. Nicholas Stuart Gray, author of the play, has altered all this to a happy-ever-after ending, and though it is tame by comparison, this is perhaps inevitable for a children's drama. As a play it is excellently managed, for the adapted story is told with direct simplicity and—apart from some convoluted phrasing of a Christopher Fryish nature—with a flow that is rhythmical. William Chappell's production has the quality of lightness, while all the acting is of an unostentatious, harmonious standard that greatly helps to create an unbroken illusion. This is not so common on the English stage, where producers are generally concerned with creating effects for the stars, rather than playing them down for a consistent whole. But Ernest Jay's charming performance as a woolly-headed king and Cecil Trouncer's didactic emperor never upset the balance of the production. The pace of the last scenes and scene changes needs speeding up; but even with the handicaps of the small Mercury stage this is a play children will appreciate, the younger ones with a good deal more understanding than they can bring to bear on the mammoth pantomimes that puzzle them with surrealistic and sophisticated incongruities. A. F.

Drawings and Sculpture by George Ehrlich, at the Lefèvre

Criticism so often comes down to the old question of whether an artist can or cannot draw, to whether his visual insight is adequate. Ehrlich is a thoroughly worthy sculptor, but all these works suffer from a lack of adequate drawing and this tends to make them sentimental. (Nearly all sentimentality is due, not to the quality of the original experience, but to the quality of its expression.) Ehrlich's subjects are motherhood, the suffering of the dispossessed, romantic love, the vulnerability of childhood. That his lovers never appear to "clip and kiss" but embrace as brothers and sisters, that his children become fairy waifs, and his lonely figures evoke a macabre contrast of glamour and concentration camps, is nothing to do with his sincerity, but with the lack of any vigorous investigation of form. His bronze of Benjamin Britten is a good likeness, but as one walks round it, the line is always too slippery—as if it were made of soap. The anatomy is there, yet only softly copied, never reconstructed. One feels in all Ehrlich's work a tenderness which is so excessive that it makes him reluctant to disturb any surface and so touch rock-bottom. It is the same in his drawings (similar to Augustus John's, but far less sharp); they are all ripples and no tides. His modelled, attenuated limbs always seem veiled, or, where they become distinct, repetitive and formalised—as though to have studied their actuality would somehow have been too great a violation of their privacy. But perhaps such criticism is over-harsh. And I would add that occasionally—as in his goat's and calf's heads—his gentle inhibitions do seem to disappear a little, allowing him to forge as well as caress. J. B.

"Tristan und Isolde," at Covent Garden

The problem of a post-Flagstad Isolde, if not yet solved, is well on the way to solution. Sylvia Fisher's performance in this exacting role owes much, no doubt, to the tuition of Frida Leider; but she has made the part completely her own. Her warm, sweet, steady tone, her clear diction and her musical legato phrasing provide continuous pleasure to ear and mind; and the telling simplicity of her movements contrasts favourably with the over-restless Brangaene of Constance Shacklock. This is a gentle, womanly Isolde. At no point is she ineffective; but the flashing, regal scorn of the first act suits her less well than the tender and ecstatic lyricism of the second, and nothing in her performance is more moving than her brief reply to Tristan's appeal at the end of this act—a passage which rarely makes so deep an effect. Ludwig Suthaus is a clumsy Tristan, both vocally and histrionically; yet there is a strength and humanity in his performance which we miss in the neater and more elegant Tristan of Set Svanholm. Otakar Kraus understands perfectly the nature of Kurwenal; but his "character-actor" type of voice has not the necessary warmth and directness. Frederick Dalberg made more of King Mark than of any other part in which I have heard him, partly because the slow rate of utterance suits his somewhat unwieldy organ. The playing of the orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli, if a little tame at the famous climaxes, was always musical and shapely. The whole performance did credit to our national opera, and was superior to the average encountered in German theatres. But from these eulogies I must except the threadbare scenery and the ridiculous lighting. In the second act the lovers meet at the intersection of ten distinct and powerful beams, as though successfully located by a searchlight battery under the command of Melot. D. S.-T.

Correspondence

DEFENCE COMMITMENTS

SIR,—In Mr. Crossman's article on U.K. Defence commitments (partly arising out of my "Plan for Survival"), there is one proposition with which I whole-heartedly agree. That is that the independent Commonwealth countries ought to take over a larger share of the U.K.'s Defence obligations. The security of the Suez area, the Middle East oil fields, and Malaya (and perhaps even Germany) is as necessary to Australia and New Zealand—and nearly so to South Africa, India, Pakistan and Ceylon—as to the U.K. Yet the U.K. has borne almost the whole burden ever since 1945. The attitude of our friends in the independent Commonwealth is—understandably—like that of grown children in the family. They demand equal right; but are shocked at the idea of equal obligations! Isn't it time some of our fully grown children fully earned their keep?

House of Commons. DOUGLAS JAY

LOST ENTHUSIASMS

SIR,—Your leading article "A Tale of Lost Enthusiasms" raises points of the first importance, and it is high time we faced the problems you have so boldly presented. First let me say that I endorse in every particular your analysis of the state of mind of these young people who attend the C.E.W.C. lectures. I have been a discussion group leader at these lectures for the past five years, and the standard and outlook has always been of the same quality. But I can go further. In six years I have, as an organiser for the United Nations Association, spoken to more than 200 meetings a year on international problems—to schools, youth clubs, business and professional associations, trade unions, political parties, women's institutes, church groups and a host of others. Everywhere I have found the very things that you have found there; a shrewd and realistic idealism and a passionate desire to serve, coming not only from youth but from men and women of

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all parties and creeds. And all this is being allowed to run to waste. Why?

I believe there are two main reasons. First, our appeal to youth in particular is a negative one; secondly, every political party has so far failed to face the implications of a world society.

The Communists succeed in capturing the enthusiasms of youth because they demand from them sacrifices in order to build a new society. Our appeal is all too often simply an appeal to defend an old society. There is a vast difference between the thrill of creation and the thrill of defence, no matter how good the things we are called upon to defend. And, great as are the virtues of our freedoms, there are so many glaring injustices in the world that youth may be pardoned for lack of any enthusiasm to defend it. This takes me to my second point.

We live in a world where three-quarters of the population has never had a square meal and is never likely to have one; where, every five seconds of every day, six human beings die from preventable disease who need not have done so; where over vast areas one child out of two dies without ever reaching the age of one year; where three out of four people can neither read nor write. A world, moreover, threatened with atomic war and other horrors we do not yet know. And what kind of answer do our political and religious leaders give to this? We have to watch them chasing their own tails, in a futile effort to devise "national" solutions for "their" problems, when any intelligent teen-ager can tell them that the problems are to be solved only by co-operation on a world scale for the general good of mankind. Our leaders demand that we "defend freedom"; that we stand up for "our" way of life—whether it happens to be British, American, Russian or any other brand. Do you wonder that youth "doubts whether any present political leader has, or can have, adequate answers?" Of course, freedom is important; of course, every nation likes its own historic way of life; but when are we going to have the courage to say that these things can be saved only by a willingness to sacrifice our prejudices for the common good of mankind?

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BATCHWORTH

REACTION TO PRAGUE

SIR,—Mr. Gallacher says that at Prague "a few proven traitors" have been executed, but that "there is not one scrap of real evidence" against the Rosenbergs: he does not explain why the Prague condemnation is right and the New York one wrong. Capital punishment for such convictions is equally wrong, both in East and West. We have become so accustomed to Communist "purges" that we pass over, almost in silence, the "confessions" and shootings and hangings; while everybody, including Mr. Gallacher, is free to say what he likes about the first death sentence in the West—which, I hope, will not be carried out.

But in connection with the Prague trial we should concentrate on the Jewish issue. For 35 years Communists have claimed that anti-Semitism is a crime in Soviet Russia; but Zionist work was also forbidden and severely punished. Similar claims about anti-Semitism being a crime have been made about Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Poland, where Zionism is also forbidden. About this Jews have never complained. But the Prague trial, with the "evidence," "confessions" and the prosecutor's speech, has made clear that a new policy has been introduced with regard to Zionism and Israel, and, we fear, Jews as such. It is spreading to other Communist lands, and the language and pictures used remind one of the Stürmer.

In recent years there has been a rapid disappearance of all aspects of Jewish life—except for a few synagogues—in the Soviet Union. Parallel developments have taken place in Czechoslovakia, and the other Communist States. The Prague trial gives the lead as a trial of "Zionist" traitors, although when Israel was in 1948 attacked on all sides by the Arab States, arms were bought from the new Communist government of Czechoslovakia, under the same Gottwald as is ruling Czechoslovakia today. It may be that the Prague trial was caused by disappointment with Israel's political attitude, and a desire to woo the Arab States. Perhaps it was due to low productivity in Czechoslovakia, or to Gottwald's desire to get rid of his rival Slansky.

Mr. Gallacher thinks that Jews should not complain if the Communists accuse Israel of being a slave of American capitalism and imperialism, like any other State in the West. The total number of Jews in the world is about 11½ millions, of whom fewer than 1½ millions live in Israel, and over 10 millions outside Israel, distributed, in millions, roughly as follows:—7 in West lands; 2 in the Soviet Union; ½ in Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Poland; ½ in Arab lands. If then anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism are not kept clearly distinct from one another in Soviet lands, there is danger to 2½ million Jews, for it would be easy for anybody to accuse a Jew of having been a Zionist, especially in the satellite States which only became Communist since the war, and allowed emigration to Israel till a few months ago. Common sense should have led the Czechoslovak Government to select for trial, from the men languishing in prison for months and even years, not so many Jews *at the same time*, and so converting the trial into one mainly about Communists of Jewish origin; it was a mistake to use the word *Jewish* in the evidence; if Zionism and Israel were to blame, and not Jews as such, then the prosecutor should have begun with a great attack on anti-Semitism, so as to give some confidence to the 2½ million Jews inside Soviet states, and to try to convince the 9 million Jews outside; it was a disastrous mistake to accuse violent anti-Zionists like Slansky and his fellow-victims of *Zionist* aims, and of *Jewish bourgeois nationalism*, and for some Communists to attack the acts of other Communists (in which the accusers shared) by blaming Israel and Zionism. It was even more disastrous to use Goebbel's language, and to give the impression of Jews conspiring to influence events everywhere by means of capitalist finance.

The effect of the Prague trial has been to put fear into the hearts of 2½ million Jews, and to strengthen anti-Semitism all over the world: for if there is any really international movement it is anti-Semitism. We have been told that the Chief Rabbis of Czechoslovakia and Roumania have denied that there is any anti-Semitism in these countries, or that the Communists are preventing the exercise of the Jewish faith. This reminds one of Nazi propaganda in 1933: what else could these Rabbis say in Communist totalitarian States? They have not the freedom that Mr. Gallacher enjoys in this country.

Perhaps Mr. Gallacher will understand why many people have been specially shocked by the Prague trial. I am amazed that some Jewish Communists do not see the danger to Jews, and I can only rejoice that Mr. Frankel has now decided to leave the Communist Party.

About the Rosenberg case, I would say that it was a mistake to have a Jewish prosecutor, a Jewish defence attorney, and, above all, a Jewish judge. We have here a mass of psychological error, which has produced danger of the Rosenberg affair being treated as a Jewish case: but, as far as I know, the prosecution did not accuse the Rosenbergs of any crime based on their Jewish birth or interests.

I have, of course, my own views about world affairs: but I would beg of both sides that, whatever their views may be about the great tragedy of East v. West, the arguments should leave the Jews alone.

Cromwell Road, S.W.7. S. BRODETSKY

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED. *N.S. & N.*].

PAKISTAN

SIR,—Your correspondent is mistaken about Pakistan's new constitution.

(a) To equate "Mullahism" with anachronism, as is obviously implied by your correspondent, is a gross misrepresentation of the factual evidence as it is to be found in Pakistan. "Mullahism" is no more anachronistic in Pakistan than the unquestionable exercise of the Royal Prerogative in twentieth-century Great Britain, or the undoubted influence of the "pressure groups" in the making of new laws in the Western democratic world. Mullahism, moreover, is not a peculiar feature of Pakistan only; its counterpart is undoubtedly as much actively at work in politically much advanced countries, with one notable difference, that in the latter it works rather diplomatically and under the auspices of societies with misleading names.

(b) The proposed "Board of five people well versed in Islamic Law to advise the Head of the State on any new laws" is no more undemocratic, (if it really is undemocratic) than the recent various combinations of the Right and the Centre parties in Europe to exclude the Socialist Left from the exercise of any governmental power, or the practice of having regard to the public conscience when making new laws, or the long-established practice of assigning the task of drafting new Bills in Parliament to the permanent Law Officers of the Crown.

Comparisons are always odious, but it would not be unfair if one were to compare this proposed Board of five Muslim divines to the political power and the exercise of it by the Second Chamber of Parliament during the Socialist Government.

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The possibility, as feared by your correspondent, of Pakistan slipping back under the influence of the "Mullahs" to conditions such as obtained in the medieval Europe of Peter the Hermit is, to put it mildly, based upon a poetic flight of fancy, and as such it constitutes no Sword of Damocles dangling over the well-being of Pakistan.

Islam, to an unbiased mind, is a true democratic way of life giving full representation to minorities of non-Muslims. ABDULLAH K. YASAMEE

TITO AND STEPINAC

SIR,—Of course I agree with you that I have been careful to avoid overstatement in referring to Marshal Tito's action against Christianity and, in particular, against the Catholic church. So, I am sure, has Mr. Derrick, whose facts seem to me indisputable and whose arguments seem to me reasonable.

The latest public news of Church and State in Yugoslavia, as reported in *The Times* on January 9, may be hopeful for the future—the resumption of conversations between the Marshal and the Bishops. But what were in fact the "insolent" demands which led to the failure of the previous conversations? They were: the right to teach children the catechisms, the right to have a church as well as a civil marriage, the restoration of property to convents so that nuns might support themselves, the reopening of a few convent schools, a free Catholic press, and the right to take collections in church for the support of priests. Are these demands really very extreme? Are they so insolent? And don't they cast a light on the degree of religious liberty in Yugoslavia?

Even the New Year's amnesty to forty-three priests who have been released from prison rouses in the mind a certain dubiety. It has not been my usual experience in any part of the world I have visited to find priests so well represented among the criminal classes. If one had read, for example, that forty-three logical positivists had been released from prison on New Year's Day, one would surely have wondered whether there had not formerly been a certain discrimination against the holders of logical positivist views, rather than that so many logical positivists had been engaged in criminal activities against the State. GRAHAM GREENE

DOCKS AND DOCKERS

SIR,—May I enlarge on a point in my article on docks and dockers which may, as it stands, be misleading? The 16 or 22½ per cent. of levy on employers does include considerable payments which would have to be made in any case: for example, employers' National Insurance statements account for something like 3 to 4 per cent., welfare 1 per cent., accountancy costs 3 to 4 per cent. There is also the administrative cost of the Dock Labour scheme, which cannot be considered to be wholly negative. This means that a substantial proportion of the levy provides normal services which cannot be eliminated. It will be easier to assess the position in 1952 when the Board's National Report is published. As will be seen from this, the actual proportion of the levy devoted to "attendance money and make-up guarantee" is not so formidable as would appear from my statement.

BASIL DAVIDSON

CHRISTIAN NAMES

SIR,—As a friend of Miss Raine's of a slightly younger generation, who does address her by her Christian name, and as someone frequently meeting for the first time writers both older and younger than himself, might I make a plea to her and to your readers for tolerance towards the over-anxious and therefore over-familiar young? When I had a temporary job under the Foreign Office a year or two ago, one of the things that put me at my ease in this (to me) completely novel atmosphere was the habit of my seniors of addressing me as "George" or in very senior cases as "Fraser," but never on any account as "Mr. Fraser." To be called by one's own Christian name meant that one could use the other person's even on a short acquaintance; to be called "Fraser" meant that one had to say "Sir." It seems to me that what Miss Raine is complaining of may not be so much deliberate rudeness on the part of young men as sheer awkwardness due to a lack in the literary world of a simple and generally accepted convention of this sort. After all, as with the Foreign Office, one is either in the literary world, or one is not; and, however raw a young writer may be, there should be some fairly gracious formula by which older people can recognise that he is part of the republic of letters. The use either of a Christian name or, by older people, of a surname without the faintly mocking and plebeian "Mister" seems the easiest formula.

It is difficult, no doubt, for a woman, however senior, to address a young man newly introduced as "Smith"; and on his side "Madam" is a rather affected equivalent for "Sir." But if senior writers were consciously to adopt such a convention as I have suggested, no doubt in time these usages would begin to seem natural. What is true now is that if a young man is at a party where everybody else is "Harry" or "Jones" and he remains "Mr. Smith," he will feel a galling difference is being made. It is kind, in such circumstances, to use his Christian name; by doing so, you concede the right to use yours. But I do not think you mean, "I am now considering you as a close friend," but merely, "You are new, but of course you are one of ourselves, and we must put you at your ease." G. S. FRASER

75 Beaufort Mansions, S.W.3.

SIR,—Miss Raine is uncharitable. Does she realise how many of us are waiting in the cold out here, and all of us longing to call her "Kathleen"—or even "Kate"? Now and again one of us, his nerve broken, blunders blindly forward with an incoherent babble of admiration on his lips. Should he be so harshly censured for his indiscretion?

The pity of Miss Raine's humourless and arrogant letter is that it conceals an interesting observation. There have always been rash and tiresome people who have claimed acquaintance with the great by the unwarranted use of their Christian names. Much more interesting is the general use of Christian names, even among the undistinguished, which precedes that degree of friendship which the practice once assumed.

The English language is unusual in having only one second person singular, and this has excluded us from that subtle moment of sufficient intimacy at which *tu* supplants *vous*. Formerly the transition from Christian name to surname was an approximate equivalent to this new stage of affection. In most classes the distinction seems to have disappeared, and no intermediary stage now exists between an introduction and the use of Christian names. (The Americans, still more impatient, find even the full Christian name too pompous and severe. Theodore must be Ted from the start, whether he likes it or not.)

Surely the degrees of intimacy are worth preserving, and the formal surname should be welcomed back, if only as a cautious preliminary to a further advance.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

SIR,—Your lady correspondents do not realise that the custom of writing (say) "Madeleine Wallace" is a result of the Emancipation of Women. I do not know whether she is married, single, resuming her maiden name after separation, or simply offering a pen-name; and it is not my business to inquire. What would be presumptuous (or too intimate) would be a demand to know before even addressing her whether she is "Mrs." or "Miss." W. EMPSON

Studio House,
Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3.

DRAMA FROM IBSEN TO ELIOT

SIR,—There are reviews which do more damage to the reviewer than to the book with which they offer to deal, and while it is not for me to assign to that category Mr. Montagu Slater's review of *Drama from Ibsen to Eliot*, it is at least my business to record four of its errors, which might be missed by someone who knew the book less well.

1. "Strindberg on character acting": the quotation is not Strindberg on character *acting*, but on "character" as a whole, in writing as well as performance (as indeed is self-evident from the words Mr. Slater quotes). The distinction is important in its context.

2. "Naturalism is one convention among others": this point is made in the book under review, on page 19. To use it against me certainly "prepares confusion."

3. *Item:* "*The Cocktail Party* . . . falls back . . . on the stagey tricks of 'character acting'": Mr. Slater implies that this will be news to me, but the point is made twice (pp. 243 and 246) in the book, and nowhere else that I have seen.

4. "Minority culture": I do not believe in this concept, and did not "propose" it. A minority *public* for literature is a contemporary fact; but I mentioned this as a limitation on the artist, not (how could anyone?) as a remedy.

Finally, is it necessary for me to point out to Mr. Slater that "six to four bar one" is a *convention*? If he can miss that he can miss anything.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

[Mr. Slater writes: "Mr. Williams makes my point for me. Strindberg was talking about catch phrases and wooden legs, the insignia of what I called "character acting" or what Ben Jonson called humours. I was afraid Mr. Williams was confusing this topic with the quite different one of "character as a whole." Now he accuses me of palpable error in not seeing that this was just what he was doing.

On his second point I have looked up his reference to page 19. All I can find is a phrase about "the whole difference between conventional and naturalist forms of art." This again seems to make my point for me.

On his third point, it must be upsetting to Mr. Williams to find we agree. And I'm glad he does not believe in minority culture in the theatre. I felt the trend of his criticism pointed the other way but I'm glad to hear this is not his intention.

His last sentence puzzles me a bit. In quoting "six to four bar one" I was offering a short example to refute Mr. Williams's curious statement that "contemporary spoken English is rarely capable of exact expression of anything in any degree complex." I believe the opposite is true, that nice complexity is the strong point of contemporary language, its weaknesses of another kind. But, of course, any example one chooses will make use of some convention or other, conventions of grammar, imagery, or, as in this case, of bookmaking. The real objection to my example is that the situation it describes is rather unlikely; so I offer Mr. Williams another. A stable boy the other day speaking to me of his trainer said: "He can look through his binoculars and see you changing your mind."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"A shapely, intelligent political thriller"
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The Dark Saviour

by Robert Harling

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JOHN CONNELL
Evening News

CHATTO AND WINDUS

Books in General

THERE are few men of whom one can truthfully say that the world would have been a different place without them. Harold Laski was one of those few. His was the most important influence in remaking English Social Democracy and giving it its present form. He deserved a biography which should be more than a personal tribute; and he has got it.* Kingsley Martin has written a book which is a serious contribution to our political history and, what is more difficult still, presents his dead friend without fear or favour. Anyone who sets out to expose Laski's failings can save himself the trouble; Kingsley Martin treats them fairly with a detachment which Laski himself would have wished. There are some faults which may disturb the historian. Events are occasionally run together. For instance, the fall of Lloyd George and the creation of the first Labour Government are both made to happen in 1921. More seriously, there is a lack of proportion. After all, Kingsley Martin is a professional journalist, despite his training as a historian; the present and future interest him more than the dead past. Hence, the last ten years of Laski's life occupy nearly half the book. Yet these were an epilogue and in many ways an unsatisfactory one. The most interesting decade of Laski's life was the Twenties, the years of his intellectual growth; and the most important was the Thirties, the decade of the Left Book Club and the Popular Front. This criticism does not alter the fact that Kingsley Martin has written a very good biography, at once moving and instructive.

Though Laski was to play an important part in the English Labour movement, he came to it in an unusual way. He was a Jew, not a Nonconformist, by origin; in spirit, sometimes the nearest thing we have had to a Continental intellectual, sometimes an American liberal, but never a straight English radical. He learnt his Socialism from French writers of the eighteenth century and his politics from American lawyers; he learnt nothing from Cobbett or William Morris. He knew little at first-hand of the English working-class. He was born in a rich Manchester family; after Oxford, he spent his formative years in Canada and at Harvard; and he returned to the London School of Economics. Even at Oxford, as Kingsley Martin points out, it was Cole and G. N. Clark, not Laski, who were prominent in the famous tram strike; and when he came to write about trade unions, his interest in them was that of an academic lawyer. He wanted to show their similarity with the medieval Church and other "corporate personalities," not to present them as the fighting organisations of the English people. He thought it more important to manipulate politicians than to stir emotion. I remember how he once shocked me by his admiration for Disraeli and his dislike of Gladstone. Yet, by a strange twist of fate, his greatest success was to come when he emulated "the People's William."

This was certainly not Laski's intention. When he came to the London School of Economics, he had two ambitions. He wished to be a great political thinker, and he wished to exercise a decisive influence behind the scenes of political life. He did not achieve either ambition. Kingsley Martin says very fairly: "academically Harold did not fulfil the promise of . . . his early books." At first Laski tried to develop a theory of Pluralism, which he had learnt from Maitland and Gierke; it was a trail that led nowhere, and the *Grammar of Politics* now lies neglected on the shelves. Later he turned himself deliberately into a Marxist; and he made more than one attempt to survey English and American history from a Marxist outlook. But though he knew a great deal of political philosophy, he lacked both detailed historical knowledge and the historian's temperament. I do not think that any professional historian could take Laski's writings on English history seriously; and though Norman MacKenzie (who has contributed the American chapters to this biography) does his best for *The American Democracy*, the verdict of scholars has not been in its favour. In private conversation Laski had the amiable weakness of inventing facts to support his argument; and in his writings, too, he inclined to believe that the facts would conform to the ideas, if only these were brilliant enough.

In much the same way, he thought that he could change the facts of the present by rational persuasion of a few individuals. He wrote constantly to Baldwin; he advised MacDonald on the composition of the first Labour Cabinet—or so he imagined; even during the second World War he tried to turn Winston Churchill into a Socialist by correspondence. Though he often talked in terms of class war, he really assumed that the English governing classes could be cajoled and argued into abdicating. He did not understand their skill, their tenacity or, above all, their ruthlessness; and he was hurt and surprised when they bit the hand that stroked them. It bewildered Laski when the Director of the London School of Economics, himself a "liberal" pundit, objected to his writing for the *Daily Herald*; and the ban successfully imposed on Laski was certainly an odd demonstration of academic freedom, when one considers the political activities in which Heads of Colleges have subsequently engaged. But did Laski really suppose that Sir William Beveridge would weigh *The Times* and the *Daily Herald* in the same liberal scales? The failure of the libel action, in which he attempted to vindicate himself from the charge of preaching "bloody revolution," broke Laski's heart. Certainly the campaign against Laski by the Beaverbrook-Churchill combination showed few scruples. But was it reasonable for an advanced Socialist to expect sympathetic consideration of his views from a special jury and a High Court judge? The answer to mud-slinging is to sling better mud back. He who goes to equity must go with clean hands; he who challenges the ruling classes needs quite other equipment.

Laski got this unexpectedly. It was not his reasoning power, his assiduity, or his social contacts that made him an important figure; it was the following that he came to command. He built this first within the London School of Economics. Though his was not an original mind, he was an inspired and inspiring lecturer; even more, he was a devoted teacher. He gave himself to his pupils without reserve; and he gave himself to them all, brilliant and mediocre alike, as Norman MacKenzie describes in his moving account of Laski as a teacher at Cambridge during the war years. The influential academic figures of the past—a Jowett or a Lowes Dickinson—worked through a few distinguished pupils; Laski created a leaven which went much wider. The Labour Government of 1945, for instance, had many of Cole's pupils among its members; none, I think, of Laski's. His influence operated in the junior ranks of the Labour movement and in India, Burma, and West Africa. Kingsley Martin observes rightly that the most enthusiastic Education Officers in the Army during the war would often turn out to have been trained by Laski. High academics never took Laski seriously as a thinker; but he had exactly the right form for the new audience of "mass-intellectuals."

It was this audience that gave Laski his unique position. The intellectuals of previous generations were a closed, limited body. Bentham changed English history by capturing a few dozen disciples. In the twentieth century the number of those who made Reason the master of their lives became much larger. The intellectuals ceased to be a small academic class; instead, their outlook was to be found indiscriminately in all walks of life. Here was the natural market for the Left Book Club; here was the wider audience waiting for Laski's guidance and inspiration. There was a decisive political consequence. Owing to the peculiar constitution of the Labour Party, the mass-intellectuals found their expression in the constituency parties; and there was a growing cleavage of outlook between these and the trade unions. The constituency parties needed their own representative; and this need often sought strange outlets, from Oswald Mosley to Aneurin Bevan. Laski alone filled the role perfectly. He was not merely the spokesman of the mass-intellectuals, he was their personification. What use should he make of his power? This was a new problem, and Laski did not solve it. He might have remained a thinker and writer, inspiring others; he might have become a practical politician, fighting every detail. Laski tried to combine the two roles. Though he became chairman of the Labour Party, he would not contest a Parliamentary seat. Kingsley Martin passes a verdict that must be quoted in full:

> No man, however disinterested or clever, can accomplish by letter, conversation and private memorandum, the feat of changing the policy of a great Party, since that is based not on the wishes or opinions of individuals, but on the interests of classes and groups. A man who wishes to lead a revolutionary movement, or even less ambitiously to redirect a Party's policy, must change the balance of power within the Party, must make it to the interest of its leaders to change their minds, or of their followers to change their leaders. That involves working with other men in a team, taking the knocks and rewards of party politics and inevitably to some extent losing the type of respect and influence which is paid to the scholar and teacher.

Laski realised this towards the end of his life, when he refused to stand again for the Labour Party Executive.

* *Harold Laski.* By KINGSLEY MARTIN. *Gollancz.* 21s.

Yet perhaps his influence could not have been so great if he had shrunk from stark, practical responsibilities. Laski had something to contribute to the intellectual atmosphere of the time which only he could give. He strove with the problem which confronts every reasoning man—how to be both a liberal and a Marxist. No one who believes in liberty can ever work sincerely with Communists or trust them; yet no one who has Socialism in his bones can ever condemn Communism without reserve. This is the dilemma of our times; all Laski's later writings and all his political activity revolved round it. Sometimes he got the emphasis wrong, as in the days of the Popular Front. But essentially he was right. The answer to Communism is not anti-Communism; it is a democratic Socialism, equally convinced of its principles, but more tolerant in applying them. How much easier the situation in Europe would be today if the Labour Government had followed Laski's advice in 1945 and put itself at the head of European Social Democracy. How much more peaceful and secure the Middle East would be if this country had welcomed Jewish Social Democracy instead of following the barren anti-Semitism of Ernest Bevin and the Foreign Office. Laski knew, none better, the difficulties of his policy; he did not need any disillusioned Communist, returned from Utopia, to tell him the evils of Moscow rule. But he still believed that the world could be saved; and he tried to save it. In the last article he ever wrote, which was published after his death, he argued against Bertrand Russell's division of the world into two irreconcilable power blocs: "Lord Russell builds his policy upon despair. I build my policy upon hope." This was a noble legacy. If today in this country there is still no Communist movement of any size, if all Socialists can still be at home in the Labour Party, we owe it more to Harold Laski than to any other single man.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

WESTER ROSS

Stone and rock,
Boulder and pebble,
Water and stone,
Heather and stone,
Heather and water
And the bog cotton that is not for weaving.

Peats uncut
And the orange moss
Under sharp rushes
And spike deer-grass,
The tough myrtle,
And thin blue milkwort,
And ever, ever,
The silver shining
Of the bog cotton that is not flowers.

The stones drop
From the height of the bens.
In the low houses
Of the dead crofters
The rafters drop,
And the turf roof:
Stone after stone
The walls are dropping
As the bog creeps nearer
With the fairy cotton:
The bog cotton for the Bad Ones' flag.

NAOMI MITCHISON

A NEW KIND OF BOOK

Our World from the Air. By E. A. GUTKIND. *Chatto & Windus.* 63*s.*

A new kind of anything is always a fascinating discovery. But a new kind of book, those companions of our whole life, is like something out of a fairy story—when a frog begins to talk, or when the hero eats or drinks something that enables him to understand what the birds are saying. This new kind of book is, literally, something of the same sort; for, if it does not enable us to understand what the birds say, it certainly enables us to understand what the birds see. It is composed almost entirely of large photographs, taken from the air, or from some great height. Our familiar landscapes take on a new twist; the ends of the earth come together, with a click; you begin to imagine how a cuckoo must feel, crossing from the hum-drum routine of Central Africa to its honeymoon in Kent.

This is the first book of its kind, and accordingly it is perhaps rather too pre-occupied with the dwellings of man than with his surroundings. No doubt, to the gannets, the Bass Rock is much more interesting than the whole county of Fife, and the Firth of Forth means no more than the moor surrounding the shooting-lodge did to any of the wealthy acquaintances of the Duke of Omnium. But we should have progressed from this egocentricity. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, in *Night Flight*, is the only mortal so far who has done this, easily and without strain, the herald of to-morrow; but he died, and has no successor.

We have progressed here, but only a little, not very far. The first twenty plates—this is the nomenclature of the book and quite right, it is unpardonable to call them photographs—cover natural features as such; the remainder of the four hundred depict what our species has done about it.

It is intensely interesting. We all prefer the snapshot which shows Aunt Jemima in front of St. Mark's (and that's me, in the corner with the straw hat) to an unimpeded view of any of the world's great works. So we are well content to exchange the Himalayas, the Andes, the great coast-lines, for views of soil erosion on a farm to the north of Central Ferry, Washington—and alarmingly impressive it is, I can tell you—or the Temple of Angkor-Vat or the Great Pyramid.

There is, for all that, a picture of Mount Shasta, California, a naked white giantess existing for herself alone, halfway between the fir-trees and the clouds, which makes one wonder uneasily whether the human race has not been a bit of a mistake. This impression is reinforced by the accompanying letterpress which begins "Larger volcanoes such as this rarely retain their summits intact" and goes on, "The vent gets plugged with solidified lava," etcetera. There is no companion portrait of, and so no comment upon, Fujiyama.

We return with relief to our own achievements. Here the air-photograph is quite extraordinary in its power of revelation and compression, and the author has taken full advantage of it in the juxtaposition of scenes, themselves akin, but at opposite ends of the earth. On one double-page, for example, to illustrate Temporary Shelter, No. 48 shows the black tents of the tribesmen of Arabia; No. 49, a trailer camp at Willow Court, Michigan; No. 50, the boat-city on Pearl River, Canton, and No. 51, a Mongol house on the fringe of the steppe country, where the nomad has now settled and built a house with a walled court—in which, still, there is enclosed the round felt tent of his wandering ancestors. Even the devil Asmodeus, that indefatigable news-gatherer, never did anything so miraculous.

The book covers four aspects of human life in relation to its environment. Part I depicts Fear and Security; Part II, Confidence and Adjustment; Part III, Aggressiveness and Disintegration, and Part IV, Responsibility and Unification. You may not believe it, but this last section closes, No. 400, with the picture of the explosion of the Bikini atom-bomb. True, the accompanying letterpress is cast in the form of a question. But the section-heading remains as something supremely ironic.

One of the engaging features of the book, indeed, is the optimism, sometimes belied by the illustrations themselves, which pervades the whole. The pictures 374 and 375, of industrialisation in Mexico at Vera Cruz and Federal District, do not wholly bear out the enthusiastic eulogy of their accompanying paragraphs. Sometimes, even, this optimism would lead a casual reader astray. It is all too long now, since one could put under a photograph of Mount Scopus at Jerusalem that here, at the Hebrew University, "Jewish youths from all parts of the world work," or that "Retirement and seclusion characterise its situation." Some day that may be true again, but not now, deserted as it is, behind unfriendly battle-lines; the defeats of man have to be chronicled as well as his victories. It casts an odd shadow across the very beautiful picture of the colleges at Oxford on the opposite page. How much destruction has fallen upon university towns in our day! How narrowly did Oxford escape the annihilation which, from this very vantage-point of the air, engulfed so many others.

Nevertheless, the half—the quarter—the tenth has not been told. The oil derricks of Los Angeles, the gigantic pit of the Premier Diamond Mine in South Africa, the huge dams in Tennessee, in California, in the U.S.S.R., the land reclamation at the Zuider Zee—each is in itself impressive; in mass, they are epic. The cities of man, old and new—Shanghai, London, Rio de Janeiro, New York, Johannesburg, the Piraeus, Cape Town, Algiers, Helsinki—are an atlas of effort such as has not been compiled before.

What a unique incursion into affairs is the thrust of the human race. Who are the ants and the bees to challenge comparison with us? Even if we blow ourselves up in the very near future, and the birds and the butterflies fly over our ruins, indistinguishable as they would very shortly become from the pits whence they were digged, our ghosts would still be powerful; and the rest of creation would yet fear dimly that what the world's thought had done once, it might do again.

WALTER ELLIOT

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JONATHAN CAPE

PURITAN'S PROGRESS

Hannah More. By M. G. JONES. *Cambridge. 27s. 6d.*

This book, one realises instantly with an ungrateful glow, is not meant to amuse. Of course the arts of popularity would be delightful if they were somewhat rare, but now there seems more luxury in a remission. The smooth close feel of this historical biography gives the expression "velvet study" a new point: whereas the popular biography is like embroidered canvas.

Only one can't have it both ways, and though the first sensation is voluptuous, the going is stiff. Not really because Dr. Jones has made it so (learning and judgment are her only terrors) but from the very nature of the ground. There are good reasons why an account of Hannah More has to be stiff, and can't be superficially appealing. To start with, it includes too much. Miss More lived to be eighty-nine: lived, in a revolutionary age, a life of staggering activity, not indeed infinitely varied—for it was always "proper"—but almost fearsomely diffused. First, the provincial schoolmarm; then the young female wit, the poet of *Percy*, the protegé of David Garrick, the pet of literary salons where Mrs. Thrale was not received; and later on, the Evangelical apostle to the great and gay, the Mendip schools, the Cheap Repository Tracts, "the old bishop in petticoats." It is a daunting course even in outline; when approached in depth, in the historic scene, with all the movements, trends and personalities involved, it really taxes the endurance. And as I said, for little obvious reward. In modern eyes, each single phase of her career is either deadly trivial or actively unsympathetic. One can't dip into her productions as a *bel esprit*, and not feel that the Tragic Muse, the "powerful versificatrix" (as Johnson lumberingly called her) had an easy time. As for her later works, the gospel of Saint Hannah—they were immensely read, therefore we know that they were readable. "Nothing beside remains"; and as a stimulus to getting through them, it is not enough. Changes of moral fashion have been unkinder still, and while her laurels amaze, her apostolic strivings will be held against her. If she had stuck to lecturing the great, and weaning duchesses from Sunday concerts, we could forgive and pity. But her exertions for the poor—her village schools and safe, improving little broadsheets—those touch the *Zeitgeist* on the raw. As she declared herself:

> My plan for instructing the poor is very limited and strict. They learn of weekdays such coarse works as may fit them for servants. I allow of no writing. My object has not been to teach dogmas and opinions, but to form the lower class to habits of industry and virtue.

She could say worse than that. In the "desperate winter" of 1801, she could enlarge to the half-starved on "the benefits flowing from the distinction of rank and fortune, which has enabled the *high* so liberally to assist the *low*."

> I wish you to understand also that *you* are not the *only* sufferers. You have indeed borne your share . . . but it has fallen in some degree on all ranks, nor would the gentry have been able to afford such large supplies to the distresses of the poor had they not denied themselves for your sakes many indulgences to which their fortune at other times entitles them. We trust the poor in general, especially those that are well instructed, have received what has been done for them as a matter of *favour*, not of *right* . . .

For Dr. Jones is perfectly above board; she reveals the worst, though she is quite aware it will be fatal. That Hannah's schools were "radical" in their own day: that she worked endlessly for those the whole world had abandoned, and that her charity was from the heart ("If I can do them little good, I can at least sympathise with them")—all this fades out against her reverence for the established order, and the basic fact that she was "not primarily concerned with the incidence of wealth and poverty, but with the overriding importance of sin and redemption." No one will be a Hannah More enthusiast today; no one would dare.

Nor does her personality serve as a magnet. She was good, kind, intelligent and gay, she was adored by children, she had a host of lifelong and devoted friends—but she has not survived, as Horace Walpole has survived, or Mrs. Thrale, or even Fanny Burney, who, though a dull enough young woman, had a private life which we can absolutely see her living. Miss More had not the life; and as a witness she has not the gift. We should be sadly off if our ideas of Johnson, Garrick and their circle derived from her alone. Wit she possessed, indeed; but she was far too kindly, and in the older sense too candid, for a firework-monger. As a London belle remarked disgustedly to Fanny Burney, she "thought ill of nobody." ("Don't you hate a person who thinks ill of nobody?") The charm of her abundant correspondence—for in the end it charms—is as diffused as her career. She draws one in; she is a link with people of all sorts, a gateway to whole tracts of interest. And when not writing to be published, she is agreeable to read.

K. JOHN

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

Robert Browning: A Portrait. By BETTY MILLER. *Murray. 21s.*

In the last years of Browning's life, when admirers of his poetry could not reconcile its original genius with the hearty table-thumping commonplaces of the old diner-out, Henry James was driven to evolve "a whimsical theory of two distinct and alternate presences, the assertion of either of which on any occasion directly involved the entire extinction of the other." Some such difficulty appears to have obstructed the work of all but a few of the poet's critics and biographers. Surely no writer of such power and excitement has ever generated a critical literature so negative and so dull. Browning is read a little in France, it seems; a Browning scholar, M. Jean Poisson, has recently published a book presenting passages from *Pauline*, *Paracelsus* and *Sordello* (in English and in French), to form a disguised autobiographical novel. But even so, it is hard to find a book on Browning which relates his work to the main stream of twentieth-century poetry instead of to the surface layers of Victorian philosophy. Biography, too, still centres on a coloured theatrical version of the runaway marriage: the thirty-four years before, and the thirty years after lying waste on either side. It is true that for those who have never encountered Browning's poetry Browning's life is not a substitute, nor, indeed, an invitation. Still, however devious the passage, the man is finally the source of his writing (the "song-soil," to use a Browning image); and it is one of the distinctions of Mrs. Miller's study that it makes this relation a living and plausible one. *Robert Browning: A Portrait* does not set out to replace the useful Griffin and Minchin *Life* as a basic biography. But it is all the same a biographical landmark, bringing for the first time into the poet's episodic and perplexing history a coherence in which the manner and subject of his poetry as well as his peculiar pattern of lethargy and production find their place. Through the method of psychological analysis, in the language of creative criticism, from evidence supplied almost entirely by the poets themselves, the new picture takes form.

Browning's background was, we are soon reminded, as abnormally sheltered as Elizabeth Barrett's—but in his case through a temperamental dislike of directing his own fortunes. It was by choice that he resisted an education and a profession that would take him from his Camberwell home, and the easy dependence of childhood. In Elizabeth, the first of a numerous family, the withdrawal had other roots. She, who was always, to use her own words, "of a determined if thwarted violent disposition," would gladly have known a larger experience. It was the brother usurping her place as reigning nursery darling, her dear companion and envied rival, who was to have the privileges of education and freedom which, as a girl, she could never attain. Reckless tomboy as she was, "much more wild and much more mad" than any of her brothers and sisters, it was no more possible for her to go, like Edward, to Charterhouse than to flee from home in boy's clothes (as she long intended) to become page to Lord Byron. Invalidism, that lost profession of the great domestic century, became her refuge; it was confirmed in her early twenties by the shock of Edward's death by drowning. Guilt for the long-buried rivalry had in this as much a part as loss. "The griefs that are incurable," she wrote in later years, "are those which have our own sins festering in them." *Aurora Leigh*, Mrs. Miller suggests, provides a curious reflection of the situation, and perhaps a key.

It was by these stages that the headstrong, gifted girl became the mysterious invalid of Wimpole Street, known as a poet, unseen as a woman, lying from year's end to year's end in her Cocteau invention of a room, with its windows sealed against outside air and overgrown with ivy; its deep layers of white dust which made a hazard of any sudden movement; its untouched spiders' webs. Here in this dream world, time, reckoned in days or months or years, had lost its meaning. She did not feel discontent.

The bond between the lovers could not, then, be the simple one of rescuer and rescued. The bond between daughter and father was, if anything, a stronger one. "He might have been king and father over me to the end," she wrote cryptically of the ogre whom the poet was never in his life to meet, "if he had thought it worth while to love me openly enough." But between herself and Browning ("a chivalrous Perseus," in Mrs. Miller's image, "conscientiously renewing the chains of her captivity") there was a deadlock. Each of the two, admiring strength in others, desired to worship, not to rule. Criss-cross the letters go, in a battle of abnegations. "Think for us both," is Browning's constant demand. "You must think for both of us," is her plea. It was Elizabeth who had to make the sacrifice of surrender and accept the dominating role. The pedestal (the tale continues)

> was not so easily discarded: and indeed for fifteen years it was to remain for Robert and Elizabeth Browning at once a keystone and a stumbling block within their wedded lives.

There were, indeed, in later days, points of difference which were a hindrance to wilful devotion: among them spiritualism, the cause of Louis Napoleon, the unconventional upbringing of little Pen, whose education, however, when it fell into his father's reluctant hands, could not have been conducted more disastrously. Mrs. Miller, who must be the first biographer to throw light on the curious case of Pen, does him another service in quoting, from the Journals of Michael Field, what is probably the most penetrating account of him, as an adult, by a contemporary observer. We might reflect, too, on the odd matter of the Brownings' reputation. While reputable critics were placing Elizabeth a close second to Shakespeare, Browning's best work, the mid-century volumes containing such poems as *By the Fireside*, *Two in the Campagna*, *A Toccata of Galuppi's*, passed almost unnoticed. The contrast did not pain him; it was a judgment that he very likely shared; the indifference, though, could not leave him undisturbed. But for the source of his strange observation, made some time after Elizabeth's death, we must look, with this biographer, farther than any such details:

> The general impression of the past is as if it had been pain. I would not live it over again, not one day of it. Yet all that seems my real *life*—and before and after, nothing at all. I look back on all my life when I look *there*: and life is painful.

And in the later days when he reacted brutally against his earlier sensitivities, and even succeeded in half-destroying himself as a poet, he was never free of a posthumous relationship with his dead wife, which gave rise to sudden and puzzling passages in his poetry—*The Householder*, the Epilogue to *Ferishtah's Fancies*

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The biographer of Browning cannot fail to be affected by the poet's horror of self-revelation, which led him to destroy all early writings as well as countless letters and documents; and to which we may attribute not only the obscurity of his language and his use of the dramatic monologue but the very conformity of his dress and behaviour—all being different forms of disguise. Mrs. Miller's awareness of Browning's resistance does not make her hand falter; it does not ever cloud the elegance of her style or the exactness of her calm analysis. But it sometimes lends the book a kind of melancholy which the reader who is also a reader of Browning's poetry may recognise as in itself a tribute.

NAOMI LEWIS

A MASTERLY POPULARISER

Sir James Jeans. By E. A. MILNE with introductory memoir by S. C. ROBERTS. *Cambridge.* 21*s.*

Jeans is known to most people as a great writer of popular science in the period before the war, the rival of Eddington in bringing before the educated, but non-technical, public the new physics of relativity and the quantum theory in a series of books written in admirable English, full of vivid phrases. Actually this was only the last phase of his intellectual life, taken up because he believed that a man was unlikely to do first-class work in mathematical physics after the age of fifty, which he had then reached. He made his name among physicists much earlier by his work which showed the necessity for a quantum theory, and later by mathematical discussions of the interior of stars and the probable course of their evolution. This last led him into a controversy with Eddington which livened the physical and astronomical world of the Twenties. Unfortunately, the subject is a highly technical one on which few were really competent to take sides. Nor was the matter helped when the late Professor Milne, the author of this book, came into the contest and disagreed with both. Some matters are still open to controversy, some are settled, but the knowledge that has been gained in the last ten years of the way in which atomic energy acts in keeping the stars hot, has made a good deal of the discussion rather beside the point.

As a picture of the man this book is not entirely successful, and the most vivid part is S. C. Roberts's short memoir. Milne was not sufficiently sympathetic to Jeans to discount the abruptness which sometimes hid his shyness. Jeans was at his best when there was a woman in the party, and although to a casual acquaintance he was a very masculine type there was really a strong feminine streak in his character.

The analysis of Jeans's scientific work is interesting and lucid, though from the nature of the case it could not be easy reading, or indeed in parts intelligible, to a reader with no knowledge of physics. Milne brings out clearly the importance of Jeans's work on the quantum which is not nowadays as well known as it should be, and pays full tribute to his mathematical skill, which was outstanding. He perhaps hardly does justice to his physical intuition.

Jeans had the qualities needed by a writer on popular science to a degree which has perhaps never been surpassed. The textbooks which he wrote as a young man are models of clearness. His mind combined orderliness with great power and originality and he had a vividness of imagination which almost reached to poetry. The populariser is not given sufficient credit in the world of science. It is the most difficult of arts, and Jeans practised it to perfection.

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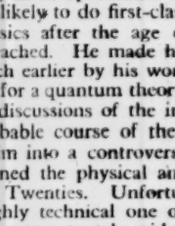

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With the addition of these three new monumental volumes to the "Civil Series" history of the Second World War, the picture of the effort behind the lines, and the strain which it imposed on Britain's economy, begins to take clear shape. Mr. Postan's volume, designed as an introduction to the various studies on War Production, starts from the tentative expansion of British rearmament in the mid-Thirties, and traces its growth—marked by a series of hectic forward jumps at Munich, Dunkirk and Pearl Harbour—until, in 1943-44, a "peak" was reached at which it became obvious that the economy, under the dual demands of the Services and munition factories, was being over-taxed, and that only American aid could save the situation.

Such aid was forthcoming—at a price. In his review of those subjects that were, during the war, the province of the Board of Trade, Mr. Hargreaves shows with painful clarity how the operation of the Lend-Lease Act—with its provisions that materials made available by, or scarce in, the U.S. should not be used in the oversea trade of the U.K.—crippled British exports, and left this country at the end of hostilities with a balance of foreign payments so out of gear that there was no option, it was argued, but to have recourse to the palliative of the American Loan.

This, however, is only one angle in a complex picture. The authors of these histories write with scrupulous objectivity, and one has to read between the lines to detect where a note of criticism, in a less "official" series, might have been introduced. Thus Mr. Postan discreetly notes the extent to which the impact of Lord Beaverbrook on the Ministry of Aircraft Production dislocated planned programmes for future R.A.F. expansion—and, indeed, it is arguable that a price had also to be paid for this Ministerial imperialism in later shortcomings of tank engines. Yet he gives due weight to the consideration that victory in the Battle of Britain may have been due to the single-minded priority given in 1940 to the manufacture, at all costs and regardless of future "development," of a few selected types of quickly available aircraft.

Mistakes, of course, there were—unrealistic programming; the initial illusion that total war could be combined with an export drive based on the conception of "business as usual"; grave delays in the production of vital new weapons such as adequate guns for A.F.V.s, not to mention occasional eccentric and unsuccessful experiments due to the vigorous imagination of an idiosyncratic Prime Minister. But the abiding impression created by these records of war effort mobilised almost from scratch is amazement at the way in which the British Civil Service—professionals and wartime amateurs—succeeded in co-ordinating demands and supplies, and in securing method out of a highly individualistic economy.

The difficulties to be overcome were immense—not least in the relatively humdrum task of meeting the enormous demands for new building—and it was a great administrative achievement to develop, as the regime did, a system of priorities and controls which on the whole worked well, obviated shortages both for the Services and civilians, and gave effect to the politically essential principle of "fair shares." Readers who wish to study the complex problems involved in "controlling" a capitalist economy will find in these volumes a mine of useful information. One point, however, must be borne in mind: under the compulsion of war, the capitalist "played ball"; the Government was able to draw on a fund of patriotism and good will which smoothed the inevitable frictions and helped to overcome every obstacle. It is a fund on which, in peacetime, Socialist planners would be unable to draw.

AYLMER VALLANCE

THE ELEMENTS AND GOETHE

Goethe the Alchemist. By R. D. GRAY. *Cambridge.* 35*s.*

Mr. Gray's study follows out an indication set forth by Jung in his major work on Alchemy (shortly to be published in English) by which it is suggested that *Faust*, Part II, is based on the symbolism of alchemical transmutation. Mr. Gray has carefully and thoroughly worked out Goethe's debt to alchemical literature from the boyish practical experiments in making the Philosopher's Stone (a pursuit that had not by any means died out in Germany during the eighteenth century) to his later symbolic use of the language of alchemy.

In our time the spiritual and the physical are so unreflectingly assumed to exist as two distinct orders, that students of alchemical texts are inclined to read them as *either* cryptic directions for chemical experiments (as did A. E. Waite) *or* (as Jung does) as the symbolism of a process of psychological integration; but at some future time it may appear that the chief merit of alchemical thought lay precisely in the assumption (taken over by Goethe as well as by Swedenborg) that a single principle activates both orders, according to ascertainable laws—the alchemical *mercurius*. Mr. Gray points out that Goethe's work in anatomy, plant physiology and optics must be regarded as in the modern sense scientific, in a way that Swedenborg's attempted experiments on the relationship of brain to mind perhaps cannot. It is true that Goethe's theory of colour has recommended itself more strongly to metaphysicians like Kant, Schelling and Coleridge than to physicists. This was the part of his life's work to which Goethe himself attached most importance, and it may be that it should be re-examined by experimental psychologists rather than by physicists, since Goethe was concerned rather with a process of perception than (as Newton was) with the physical composition of light—a totally distinct subject, one would think.

Goethe's theory has interested more than one painter, from Turner to the present time, though

perhaps his case has not been helped by the fact that the sect of Rudolf Steiner has adopted the theory. I must, however, say that the Steiner book on Goethe's colour theory is a great deal easier to follow than Mr. Gray's account, perhaps because such a theory requires coloured diagrams and the use of a prism, and means little discussed in the abstract. Mr. Gray's courageous attempt to embrace Goethe's many-sided thought is handicapped by the fact that his own approach is that of a literary critic who has had to rely upon the opinions of others in his excursions (nevertheless, carefully checked) into the fields of science. Yet, all things considered, it is hard to see how he could have done the work better. He has established sources and analogies for Goethe's symbols with a thoroughness that should make similar work unnecessary in the future, traced the sources of homunculi, the hermaphrodite symbol that recurs in Goethe's many Amazon-like women, the magic circle and the *Uroboros*. One wishes that he had tackled *Faust* Part II more boldly, and shown how the process proceeds from stage to stage; but those who wish for a more speculative handling of the theme must turn to Jung, who, however, is more suggestive than exhaustive, and had left, I should have thought, gaps to be filled up that Mr. Gray might have tackled.

Mr. Gray's most interesting section is that which deals with Goethe's *Urpflanz*. In the series of processes by which a typical flowering herb proceeds from the production of green leaves to the modifications of sepals, petals, stamens and carpels (all of which Goethe rightly observed to be modifications of the leaf), is the perfect symbol and exemplar of the alchemical process of progressive refinement and metamorphosis of the *prima materia*. Goethe's contribution to the understanding of plant physiology has recently been accorded recognition by botanists, on its purely scientific merits.

It may already be dawning upon the twentieth century that scientific data may be interpreted accordingly to more than one system of metaphysics. Mr. Gray makes the point—not, perhaps, boldly enough—that Goethe's way of thinking about nature may be one that transcends scientific empiricism, and one, therefore, for which it is unnecessary to apologise to the scientists. Like Coleridge, Goethe's mind was *esemplastic* rather than analytical, and in this he was certainly akin rather to the alchemists, who searched for one principle in all things, than to the tradition of the Royal Society. But is not the Missing Link of scientific thought at the present time precisely that for which the alchemists sought for a clue—the nature of the relationship between physical and spiritual processes? Goethe is clearly one of the great synthesizing minds who is likely to provide valid clues in any expansion of thought that attempts to reintegrate the now separate studies of material and psychological phenomena.

KATHLEEN RAINE

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The Cards of the Gambler. By BENEDICT KIELY. *Methuen.* 14*s.*

The Bridge of Asses. By JEAN-JACQUES GAUTIER. *Arthur Barker.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Rock. By E. M. ALMEDINGEN. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Kiely describes his new novel as a folk-tale, and reveals that its theme was suggested by an old story-teller in West Donegal. The old man's story was of a drunken gambler who met God and Death, when God baptised the gambler's child and Death was the godfather. The gambler grew rich, became a famous doctor, went to Spain and Heaven and Hell, and throughout his life carried on a duel with Death. It is just the kind of dotty, charming, pointless tale that such old characters weave for the delight of city men with a knowledge of Irish. One seems to see a bare, clean kitchen, lighted by a flickering oil-lamp, warmed by a turf-fire and decorated by an oleograph of the Sacred Heart: to hear a soft western voice flow on, mingling with the splash of waves on the rocks below: and one can imagine the vivid, racy speech, the eloquence, the fervour, and Mr. Kiely drinking it all in.

Whether it was a good plan for the appreciative listener to sit down afterwards and work it up into a modern and sophisticated novel is another matter. I think myself that it was not, and that Mr. Kiely's very considerable talent has been misapplied. The appearance of God as a character in the tales of an old peasant may be acceptable and even appealing: for a novelist to introduce Him as such is fraught with danger. He would need, what Mr. Kiely probably has not, the spiritual insight of a Dostoevsky to make it possible. Mr. Kiely cannot fall back on his plea of "folk-tale" in mitigation, for there is nothing folksy or simple about him: he is a very sensitive, very gifted Irish intellectual, which is a different pair of shoes altogether. The mystical theme is also confused by the personification of Death, a pagan notion oddly at variance with the writer's somewhat emphasized Catholicism.

The pity of it is that Mr. Kiely's gambler could well have stood on his feet without any such extravagant devices. The author has written of what he thoroughly understands in a language that is not his. The Irish on the whole are rather apt to find themselves out of their depth where religion and mysticism are concerned (this is perhaps why they will so go on about them) and Mr. Kiely does not appear to be an exception. There are many fine things in the book: the language is fresh and crisp, the humour mordant, some of the descriptive writing is beautiful and the author shows the feeling and compassion that we expect of him. Nevertheless, I for one shall be far better pleased when he returns to the flesh and the world, leaving the supernatural to shift for itself.

The Bridge of Asses would bring us down to earth again with a rude bang, were it not so curiously unreal: as it is, our interest is suspended long before our disbelief. Esmond Lauricoste, a mediocre but successful playwright, is as unsavoury an individual as one could meet, even at a literary luncheon. He is vain, envious, brutal and lecherous. He deceives his wife not only with his secretary—all his secretaries serve this dual purpose—but with anyone who happens to take his fancy. He bullies his awkward dejected son and pampers his scheming daughter. The whole world apparently revolves about him, yet Nemesis is creeping up behind. He has reached the point in life where even truly creative talents start to wither and is therefore ripe for folly. An opportunity for indulging in it soon comes in the person of a female dramatic student of promiscuous habits and unspeakable manners. The passion he conceives for this repellent young lady hurries him from one act of lunacy to the next. He squanders time and money on her, without profit to himself, since the capricious little thing assumes a glacial reserve in his isolated case. He brings to an end the long indispensable devotion of his wife and secretary by forcing her on them. He swallows her insults and pays her bills and is mooning fatuously after her in his motor car when a drunk throws a bottle at him and he comes to grief.

Monsieur Gautier is the dramatic critic of *Le Figaro* and a winner of the Prix Goncourt. In a preface he declares that he spent two years in writing this novel, which would appear excessive. He also protests, a little too volubly, that no real person has been portrayed in it except under his own name; and this is strange, for it has all the feel of a book written partly to settle old scores. Whatever its author had in mind, however, it was hardly worth translating—a view the translator quite obviously shares.

In company with Mrs. Almedingen, we take our third plunge into the unreal. The world we enter now is of an absurdity so delicious, so opulent that we half expect to find the great Ouida herself waiting there to greet us with an arch tap of the fan. A small boy, Christian, is growing up on an island off Finland with his widowed mother, the

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Italian Opera. By FRANCIS TOYE. *Parrish.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Some Composers of Opera. By DYNELEY HUSSEY. *Oxford.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The "World of Music" series, to which Mr. Cooper has already contributed a graceful short history of opéra-comique, now offers two monographs which, with their polished prose and firm historical perspective, make admirable and thorough introductions to their respective subjects. In *Russian Opera* Mr. Cooper writes sometimes with more detachment than enthusiasm; he is cool about *Khovanshchina*. But his chapter on Rimsky-Korsakov is particularly penetrating, and, in general, *Russian Opera* transcends the usual "brief histories," to form an original contribution to its subject. Mr. Toye, biographer of Rossini and Verdi, is well qualified to write on *Italian Opera*, and surprisingly little is unregarded in his pages. The prominence accorded to Scarlatti may come as a surprise: his airs are described as "some of the most beautiful melodies ever written." The Englishman's traditional reluctance to accept without suspicion the foreign entertainment may account for a slightly defensive note in some of Mr. Toye's praise. The "World of Music" books are noted for the quality of their illustrations. Mr. Cooper reproduces an interesting unfamiliar portrait of Tchaikovsky, at the age of 17, and Mr. Toye, particularly with a lithograph of Lablache as Dr. Dulcamara and a Chalon drawing of Pasta, vividly recreates the appearance of the golden age of singing. Dyneley Hussey's *Some Composers of Opera* is not in the same class, but then his task was a thankless one: to provide short accounts of the opera composers left when Mozart, Berlioz, Wagner and Verdi had already been treated in an earlier volume of Oxford's "Some Composers" series. Such statements as "Gluck was fond of money and had no fine feelings about Art," do little to recommend his "brief lives."

A Bird's-Eye View of French History. By RENÉ SÉDILLOT. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

If his *Bird's-Eye View of World History* had not already established M. Sédillot's reputation as a genius for compression his *French History* would certainly do so for him. In some 320 pages he gives us the story of France from the first appearance of the Ardennes and Vosges above the waves of the primeval ocean to the foundation of the Fourth Republic. We in England are accustomed to attribute our distinctive national characteristics to the fact that "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we", but we do not so easily appreciate how the French character is the result of a still larger amalgam of races—Celts, Gauls, Franks, Norsemen and Arabs. It is no small achievement that the author has, in so few pages, vividly brought out the part played by each of the invading or immigrant peoples in the formation of the French nation

M. Sédillot takes a wide view of history, including in his purview not only battles, treaties and high politics of Kings and Statesmen but the changes of manners and ideas, of prices, wages and living standards of men and women through the centuries. His book is genuinely readable, perfectly fulfilling Dr. Bryant's maxim that a historian's work is to present his narrative in "simple, logical prose, in which every sentence leads naturally and irresistibly to the next, and so on with every paragraph and every chapter". The reader's gratitude is due in full measure to Mr. Gerard Hopkins, whose translation so happily retains the author's scintillating impressionistic style.

The Small Garden. By C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

An expert who remembers what he did not know when he began gardening is half-way to writing a good gardening book. He scores further marks if, as well as saying what to do or not to do, he gives the reason why; for instance, "Do not spray while the blossom is open" is a commandment that will be remembered for life if to it are added the four words "to avoid poisoning bees." By both these standards, Mr. Lucas Phillips has written a very good book; other merits are that it is cheap for the amount it tells as well as for its looks, and that it is happily free from "shy grower" jargon; it is an excellent buy for the would-be-good small gardener. His arrangement is sensible and his index handy, since by the use of dark type for one reference under each head it directs the inquirer straight to the page which tells him how to grow the plant.

Part I covers general principles from soils to tools; it includes a chapter on pruning apples and pears that should keep even a beginner on the way to producing open, well-shaped trees and fruit of good size. Part II deals with flowers, whether they grow as plants or shrubs. Part III, on food growing, is best described by giving a quotation that will warm the heart of the housewife as well as the gardener: "Beetroot. An easy vegetable, but required by the family only in small quantities. Omit from very small gardens and buy the few needed from the shops, ready cooked." Equally practical advice against straining to include cauliflowers will be relished by all who have suffered from whole rows ripening at once. Part IV deals with pests and how to fight them with simple equipment. Appendices list what to do month by month, what to grow in unpromising corners, and, almost redundantly in so comprehensive a guide, "a few good books." The diagrams are clear, but why choose a buddleia for the frontispiece? In the opinion of at least one small gardener, it is not the shrub for a limited space because, when one half of its long, mauve spike is at its best, the other is over, brown and shabby. For *chic*, the small garden looks best with some shrub that comes out all at once.

Lincoln and his Generals. By T. HARRY WILLIAMS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

One of the most delightful Thurber stories suggests what might have happened if General Grant had been drunk at Appomattox and had insisted on surrendering to Robert E. Lee. The satire does less than justice to Grant, who was as good as a General as he was bad as a President, but it comes close to describing the behaviour of many other Union Generals when they were cold sober. Meade won a great victory at Gettysburg, but thought the battle had been so close that he let Lee's broken army slip away. McClellan smashed the Confederate right wing at Antietam, but failed to clinch the battle because he kept a corps in reserve to cover his own possible *retreat*. Time after time, Lincoln's commanders under-estimated the damage they had done to their opponents, became obsessed by their own casualties and supply shortages, and credited Lee with more men than he ever had under his command.

Lincoln's relations with his Generals can, in fact, be summed up in one phrase: he wanted to destroy the Confederate Army, while they wanted to avoid decisive battles lest they should lose them. Professor Williams's fascinating book is primarily a study of Lincoln's search for a commander who would really fight, who would fight with what resources he had, and who believed his main business was fighting rather than political intrigue. Lincoln had to wait three years for Grant, and meanwhile had to endure a succession of misfits, textbook officers, ninnies, incompetents and egotists, who had little loyalty to the President and even less idea of how to win the war. This book takes some knowledge of Civil War strategy and politics for granted, since it concentrates almost exclusively on the problem of the higher command, but it is quite intelligible even to the non-specialist. The conflict between the civilian commander-in-chief and his professional subordinates, like that between Mr. Truman and General MacArthur, provides a classic American illustration of Clemenceau's dictum that "War is too serious a matter to be left to generals."

John Gielgud: An Actor's Biography in Pictures. By HALLAM FORDHAM. *Lehmann.* 30*s.*

Hamlet Through the Ages. By RAYMOND MANDER and JOE MITCHENSON. *Rockliff.* 35*s.*

Among the many picture books on the theatre that come out from time to time, these two have a special interest. There is a good deal to be said for presenting an actor's biography in pictures rather than in words, for the actor has no private life and the photograph is a more vivid reminder of his public one than most writing can be. The record of Mr. John Gielgud's roles and productions, from his famous Old Vic season in 1929 up to the present day, is the record of the most important contribution to theatrical history in the period. Mr. Hallam Fordham has compiled the album with judgment and taste, he has arranged the photographs interestingly and he has annotated them briskly and forthrightly, making this a work of piety but not of hagiography. Mr. Gielgud himself contributes four short personal narratives interspersed amongst the pictures.

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Feb. 13-15	**On Getting One's Own Way.** J. N. Glaister. The importance and limitations of an egocentric approach.

The Hamlet book is, in its different way, no less fascinating. Compiled mostly from the now famous collection of its authors, it illustrates the play scene by scene with comparative photographs or engravings from the year 1709 down to the day before yesterday. The result is a great gallery of Hamlets and Hamlet scenes, English and Foreign. Hamlets old and young, fat and thin, German Hamlets, Indian Hamlets, Hamlets male and Hamlets female, Russian and Czech, Georgian, Yugoslav and even Japanese, Hamlets doubleted, overcoated, furred and night-gowned. And Hamlets in every conceivable kind of setting, suggested, represented, pictured. The illustrations are "documented" with very full illuminating notes, and the result is a book of the most lively interest to theatrical historians, producers and general public alike.

Introduction to Logical Theory. By P.F.STRAWSON. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

One of the most impressive intellectual achievements of the last 100 years has been the development of Formal Logic. A century ago, it was in all essentials where Aristotle and the Stoics had left it. Nowadays it is not only firmly established amongst the mathematical sciences but it makes a good claim to contain within itself the foundations of all the others. In view of this really dramatic intellectual progress, it is scarcely surprising that many philosophers have been led to hope that inside the new Logic all philosophical problems would find their solution. It is this hope which is responsible for the "formalistic" character of the best twentieth-century philosophy.

Mr. Strawson in this book offers a severe corrective to such a way of thinking. Nowhere before have the problems of *interpreting* as opposed to *doing* formal logic been so fully and so seriously treated. That a formal system of logic, a calculus, needs interpreting before it can be of any use to philosophers in solving their problems, is a point to which logicians in general have paid lip-service—only to ignore it in practice. Too often they have reasoned as if a system *imposed* its interpretation on one. Mr. Strawson shows in detail how an interpretation is always a matter for philosophical choice, and how any interpretation which gives short shrift to ordinary usage will result not in philosophical enlightenment but in philosophical error. Mr. Strawson's discussions of the relations between statement and sentence, between referring statements and existence-claims, between logical constants and English conjunctions, are all examples of philosophical clarity and deserve close attention from all those seriously interested in logical problems.

My Dear Marquis. By AGNES DE STOECKL. *Murray.* 21*s.*

Those who followed the Baroness de Stoeckl back across the great gulf of the Great War in her *Not all Vanity* will know that her memories of Edwardian High Life lead us into a world of absurd but irresistible enchantment. Her new book takes us there again, and gives us no less pleasure. They were sugar-cake fantasies come true, these Courts and Palaces of Czars and Emperors, huge glittering monuments, the most ostentatious possible, to Conspicuous Waste. The Baroness brings them alive for us because she both takes them absolutely seriously on their own valuation, and at the same time gives her sense of the ridiculous a free run. She is immensely delighted with pomp and immensely amused if Pomp by some unhappy chance comes a pearler.

The life of an Edwardian Lady-in-Waiting was no joke. Luxury is hard work. There are the innumerable changes in and out of suffocating clothes; and the endless journeyings, loaded with 75 large trunks and 50 smaller ones, from Harrogate to Harax, from Biarritz to Baden-Baden, from Cannes to Yalta. And the hardships! Trains in those days—even Blue Trains—had no corridors, consequently no heat, no lavatories, no restaurant cars, "yet one lived through it, knowing no better." The Baroness has a lively turn, too, for the romantic anecdote: there is material in her pages for at least five operettas by Mr. Noel Coward. While we are reading of these fabulous characters and their incredible doings, it is almost impossible to remember that they occurred in the lifetime of living people. They seem as remote as Byzantium, and we can enjoy them without bothering about implications.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,195

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for a "character" of Lloyd George, Baldwin or Ramsay Macdonald by any one of the following: Tacitus, Clarendon, Gibbon, Greville, Macaulay or Carlyle. Limit 200 words. Entries by January 27th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,192

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Competitors are invited to compose a poem on any seasonal theme in the triple-rhyming form of Thomas Hood's *Nocturnal Sketch*; which opens—

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade, . . .

Limit, 20 lines.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

The point, of course, was to see how neatly the preposterous triplets could be dovetailed into the flow of the poem, so that they should enhance the points, not hamper them. F. C. C. managed to write a real poem (though I myself had meant "seasonal" to refer to *this* season, I think she was justified in her interpretation) which shares First Prize with P. M.'s spirited salute to Hogmanay: two guineas each. A guinea to D. R. Peddy, and to Elaine Morgan whose last line tolled the note of Christmas doom that sounds each year for all parents of young children.

In the other Christmas verses, the Scrooge note was struck far more often than the Cratchit. T. J. Morgan put it gloomily:

Christmas is gone, and all the trite, bright, quite
Exotic cheer subsides to dumb, glum, plumb
Ordinary native gloom. Where late sate eight
Sons of yuletide joy, there lour,—glower, dour
Business men entrained for Town. "Frown down,"
Each eye proclaims, "the friendly smile, while bile
Achieves the status quo. Blot not what
Decent pall our phlegm has won. One pun,
Or quip, essayed assaults our dank, blank rank. . . .

Pendexter had a horrid vision of a Temperance Hotel:

In this dank dungeon, with its weak reek, meek
And pallid guests ingest the humdrum scum
Which masquerades as soup: a few chew stew,
Or, shunning sausages-and-mash, gnash hash. . . .

Allan M. Laing's New Year Resolutions were hammered out with triple thud:

. . . They swear full payment when each tax axe cracks;
They will no more, they promise, pink drink sink;
Nor ever with a pretty date wait late,
Leaving the wife and some girl chum, humdrum,
To tell each other how they ail—stale tale!

Joyce Johnson cast her New Year poem into a dialogue form; I enjoyed this exchange:

'52: . . . A coelacanth for you to view.
'53: Was Man descended from that odd bod?
'52: God
Alone knows.

The creature reappeared in J. O. McBryde's New Year prospect:

. . . Meanwhile from Nature's primal mould, old, cold,
The coelacanth is brought to land, scanned, canned;
With special plane a V.I.P. sea pre-
Historic evolution link. "*Hinc*," think
Ye, "*natus sum.*" (Hence have I come) . . . Um . . .
Rum!

And D. H. earns a special commendation for conveying, in her Old Lady's Christmas, real feeling through the absurd rhyming:

Fond Mem'ry come, e'er I repine, shine thine
Effulgence o'er the past, fast cast
The glow of yule-log o'er this wire-spire fire,
The heat of youth into this old, cold mould.

MOUNTAIN EASTER

Enough of iron winter. Oh go snow
And weight of death on everything! Spring bring
Hot April when the sound of rills fills hills
And vales with rushing joy. Away gray day!

Company Meeting

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

MR. A. HAROLD BIBBY'S STATEMENT

PROSPERITY THROUGH BRITISH GENIUS AND SKILL

MR. A. HAROLD BIBBY, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Martins Bank Limited, in the course of his circulated statement to the shareholders said inter alia:

Despite a continued increase in operating costs the net profit has been more than maintained and the Board consider the result satisfactory.

Regarding the nation's economy by the operation of the monetary lever the country is being brought through the most critical period of its post-war financial dangers and there is no reason, provided we have learnt our lesson, why a more stable and assured standard of living should not be attained. The hopeful assurances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of his desire to reduce taxation are welcomed.

I wonder whether the man in the street ever realised how near to starvation he was. He seemed much more immediately concerned as to whether he should have "free" teeth than whether he should have any meat to eat when he got them.

Our balance of trade was deteriorating so rapidly that if things had been allowed to continue we would have been unable to buy sufficient food to keep us from starvation or raw materials to enable our factories to employ more than skeleton staffs.

If only this position could be realised there would be little heard of our rights to any self-determined standard of living but, instead, there would be an almost fanatical resolve to exert ourselves, realising that how we live is ultimately decided by how much work we do.

When hundreds of millions are spent in one year on alcohol, tobacco, luxuries and gambling, it is impossible to maintain that the cost of living is cut so bare that there is no room for economies yet there is the all too common belief that any deficiency in our means can and should be made good by increases in our wages, salaries, fees or dividends.

Collectively, there is no source from which these increases can be derived other than through our own exertions.

MAINTAINING OUR PLACE IN WORLD MARKETS.

If we try to press our self-appointed rights out of line with self-imposed efforts, we shall inevitably price ourselves out of world markets.

Many of the industries which used to provide the bulk of our exports now find that those goods are being made cheaper abroad. This should not produce a feeling of pessimism for new industries are always springing up and we should exploit our advantages of a level of intelligence and education higher than in primary producing countries in creating a nation of skilled craftsmen able to produce high-grade products beyond the capabilities of less skilled competitors abroad.

Our scientists and inventors, our skill in management and our craftsmanship are unbeaten and provided they have full play and their products are not priced out of international markets our circumstances should improve.

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Come with rich life begun, Sun! Done
The hard unflowering hours of chill ill-will.
I recollect an Easter dawn—morn born
Crystal, to make the spirit fly sky-high,
And how I, then a secret wild child, smiled
To slip away unheard outside, wide-eyed,
And in the fresh uncovered ground round, found
Anemones that in the new dew grew
And troops of blue hepaticas were there, fair,
Ah, fair beyond belief, in bright white light.

F. C. C.

HOGMANAY IN EDINBURGH

The night is come when any Scot not hot
With native spirit thinks the game tame. Shame
On you who would of New Year cheer steer clear!—
Who put your light out and secure your door,—
And, having early to your bed-stead fled,
Ignore all bells! The stranger wight (quite tight
But full of bonhomie) non-plussed, must just
Seek out some party to the Tron* gone on,
And *hooching* to the bag-pipes skirl, whirl girl
Companions in the old High Street. Neat feet
He has—but often in the reel he'll feel
A soul-sick pang for Home and hum-drum Mum,
—The need to join some fam'ly ring—sing-bring
The first-foot gift—as in his Glen. Then men
Of heart, for his and friendship's sake; wake! Make
Us welcome! Wives, arise! Go bake cake—take
The bottles out—gin, whiskey, beer—we're here
To see the Old Year out—a *doch-an-doris* pour us!
(chorus) (*Jist a wee doch. . . etc.*)

P. M.

* Tron Kirk—where eightsomes are always danced on New Year's Eve.

Last Christmas, through the gifts I bought caught short
Of funds, I said "No fatal drift! Gift-thrift
Next time for if we do not slash cash hash
Will be our lot." Lo at the Bank, rank stank
My name, throughout this most austere, drear year.
But with the advent of Noël,—well, Hell!
The birth rate had begun to soar—four more
Infants exist, towards which tots' cots, lots
Of gifts must go, for years to come; some sum
This will involve, and this or that fat brat
Will gain. By way of dividend, friends send
The wherewithal to give my one son fun.
Some folks, it's clear, get more than their fair share.
Why must those who are friends indeed need breed?

D. R. PEDDY

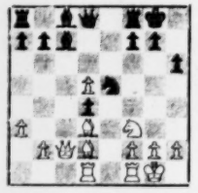
Three hours since I put out the bright white light,
And sought, by counting endless sheep, deep sleep;
When lo! two figures near my bed-head tread!
Into the darkness, terrified, wide-eyed,
I peer; my heart begins to pump—bump! thump!
I fear some juvenile but gruff, rough tough,
Reckless with that "I'll take the rap" clap-trap.
I see his "cosh"—(a loaded stocking)—rocking.
Shocking!
—Then hear two voices, full of bliss, hiss this:
"Hey, Santa's been, and brought a drum, mum! Come,
Can't we get up? It's half-past four, or more!"

ELAINE MORGAN

CHESS : Scourge of the Clock

No. 172

With five starters in the running for prime honours, the last round at Hastings may well have been most thrilling; but alas, two uncommonly early draws among the leaders confined the excitement to the one board where, for both Medina and Fairhurst win, draw, or loss would make all the difference between first and fifth. Moreover, having reached this position after 15 moves Medina (White) had left himself with barely a quarter of an hour for the remaining 19 to be completed in the morning session; at that time Fairhurst still had a comfortable half of his two hours' allowance in hand, but the considerable intricacies (and temptations) of the position began to cost him much time, and he was reduced to little over ten minutes by the time Medina had less than two left for well over a dozen moves; a little later, with still half a dozen moves to be done they were both within the last minute, and for Medina it was a matter of seconds when he offered the draw which Fairhurst wisely accepted. Subsequent analysis proved it to be quite "legitimate." Here is the score.

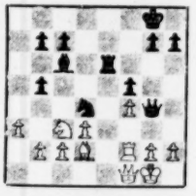


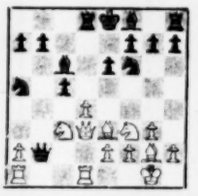
(16) Kt x Kt	B x Kt	(23) R x R ch	R x R
(17) KR-K1	Q-B3	(24) R-K1	P-KKt3
(18) B-Kt4	R-K1	(25) R x R ch	B x R
(19) QR-B1	B-Kt5	(26) B-Q2	B-Kt3
(20) Q-Kt3	B-B5	(27) Q-Q1	P-KR4
(21) R-Kt1	B-Q2	(28) Q-K2	B-Q2
(22) P-Kt3	B-B2	(29) B-KB4	

In the previous round the game Wade-Penrose was an even more exciting (and theoretically interesting) draw which Penrose should have won had time pressure permitted him to see (28) . . . R-QB2

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(15) P-QR3	Kt-Q4
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(16) Q-B5	Q-K4
(3) Kt-QB3	P-Q4	(17) R-Q1	P x Kt
(4) B-Kt5	P-B4	(18) Q-Q4	Q-Kt4
(5) BP x P	BP x P	(19) P x P	B-Kt5
(6) Q x P	B-K2	(20) B-B4	B x R
(7) P-K4	Kt-B3	(21) B x Kt ch	K-R1
(8) Q-Q2	Kt x KP	(22) Q x B	Q x P
(9) Kt x Kt	P x P	(23) Q-B3	Q x KtP
(10) B x B	Q x B	(24) Kt-K2	R-KB1
(11) Q x P	O-O	(25) Q-QB3	Q-Kt8 ch
(12) P-B3	Kt-Kt5	(26) Q-B1	Q-Kt3
(13) Q-Q2	R-Q1	(27) R-Kt1	QR-B1
(14) Q-B3	P-B4	(28) Q-R1	Q-B7 ch
(29) K-Q2	R-B7 ch	(31) K-B3	Q-K6 ch
(30) K x R	Q x Kt ch	(32) K-Kt4	Q-Kt3 ch

Penrose might have had winning chances with (31) . . . R-B1 ch when Wade, under time pressure, missed the safer draw of (31) K-Kt3.





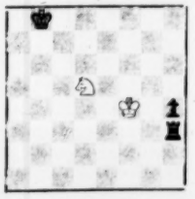
In this position Dr. Lasker (Black against Blau) successfully concluded a handsome attack.

(24) P-R3	Q-Kt6	(26) R x Kt	B x R
(25) B-B1	Kt-B6 ch	(27) B-Q2	B-B3
	(28) Q-B2	R-Kt3	

and White soon resigned. But in another game (see diagram on right) the great Emanuel's charming namesake was duly and quite thrillingly punished for snatching Golombek's QKtP.

(13) Kt-K5	B x B	(18) Q x P ch	Kt-Q2
(14) QR-Kt1	Q-R6	(19) P x P	B-K2
(15) K x B	Kt-B3	(20) R x Kt	R x R
(16) Q-Kt5	Q x Kt	(21) R-Q1	O-O
(17) Kt x Kt	P x Kt	(22) R x R	B-B3
	(23) R x RP	etc.	

A: G. Kasparyan 1947 **B**: N. Kopajev 1947



In this week's competition I have space for two pieces only which may well be underrated with 6 and 7 points, even if I add the helping hint that **A** leads to stalemate and **B**—a win for White—to a fairly intricate P-ending.

Usual prizes. Entries by January 26.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 27

A: (1) P-R7, P-Kt6, (2) P-R8 (B!!) and wins. Queening the P would only draw; but if (1) . . . Kt-any, (2) P queens and wins.

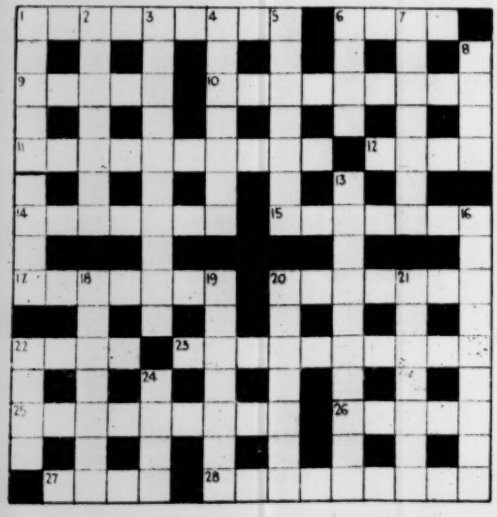
B: (1) Q-K8 ch, K x Q, (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-Q1, (3) Kt-B7 mate.

C: (1) B-B3, P queens, (2) B x Q, R-Q4 ch, (3) K-Kt6, R x R, (4) B-B3!, R-R1, (5) K-Kt7, R-KB1, (6) Kt-B5 ch, K-Kt1, (7) Kt-R6 mate.

Too many correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by E. Allan, J. B. Cock, Leslie Hale, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 31



ACROSS

1. Arrive first and get a front seat (9).
6. Clothing for a publisher (4).
9. Ruff's mate (5).
10. Man in his sixth age (9).
11. Trial cheat of the stage (10).
12. Thin director (4).
14. "The bird that flutters least is —— on the wing" (Cowper) (7).
15. Shortages of pennies all round the world (7).
17. One deserter I found in a policeman's grip (7).
20. Include what is not changed in a murderer (7).
22. Write to the back street for the children (4).
23. Rare (10).
25. Make love, the account follows and you get the bird! (9).
26. I describe my entrance before Jones (5).
27. Makes a Siamese seem less (4).
28. Town girls' pitch (9).

DOWN

1. Initial mistake on the field (5, 4).
2. School where a politician appears in a horsy colour (7).
3. Foods which provide two courses in one (10).
4. Prescribe a measure with little work perhaps involved in it (7).
5. Cord of fat round some (7).
6. This king is rattling chains (4).
7. Complaint is a paying game (7).
8. There is doubt about the identity of a headless clergyman (4).
13. They show off on parade (10).
16. Member of the Apollo crew? (9).
18. Provides a regular supply to make love in trains perhaps (7).
19. Lay hands on (7).
20. Novelist or composer (7).
21. One name for the Rio game (7).
22. River shell (4).
24. A royal personage causes the ruin of 20's murderer (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 30

PERSONAL

SCOPE for Voluntary Service. Hon. Secretary of long-established Society, shortly retiring, seeks successor. Write: International Arbitration League, 53 Victoria St., S.W.1.

URGENT: Woman teacher needs accommodation for self and son (at Day-Nursery) N. London. Willing sit-in, type, cook, etc. evenings. - Box 6004.

OFFICE to let: Westminster. One large light office, cloakrm., h.w., etc. Box 6071.

FURN. cottage/rooms/caravan wanted May to July/Aug. for 2. Country within 50 mile, near quick trains London. Box 6022.

NEAR Ashdown Forest, 6½ miles to Haywards Heath, in return for caretaking duties (with other domestic work or gardening by arrangement), 3-rm. furn. flat on top flr. entry, week-end house, garage rm. for small car. Corbett Fisher, 8 Heathgate, N.W.11.

PROFESSIONAL Woman with semi-crippled mother seeks easily run, cheap, unfurnished flat, one level, permitting use wheel-chair, accessible Victoria. Can offer exchange commodious inexpensive flat (4 rooms, bath, garden), S.W.12. Box 6167.

YOUNG woman with well-behaved boy of 4 offers baby-sitting, typing, some domestic help in return for accomm. Box 6193.

VERSATILE determined young woman, Economics graduate, secretary, fluent French, Italian, desires temp. work London before returning Continent April. Box 6159.

MOTORING trip Italy bef. June sought, Australian woman, share cost. Box 6099.

DOES any person, household, organization, req. yng. woman able to cook-housekeep intelligently, type, read aloud, escort strangers /children, clear up after a party? Non-res. but no objection to irreg. hrs. Box 6086.

CHAMBER Music. Wanted: two experienced violinists age 20-35 to complete amateur string quartet. Box 6085.

COMPANIONABLE Sailing Holiday with tuition. South Devon. August. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

YOUNG Publisher welcomes MSS. from Authors, agents may apply. - Box 6063.

REQUIRED, friendly and sympathetic foster home for active, healthy girl aged 14 who is unable to return to her parents. Family with children who have left, or are about to leave school preferred, but consideration will also be given to a childless couple with wide interests, who are prepared to give this girl real help. Anyone interested should apply to The Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Great George St., S.W.1.

GRAMMAR School boy aged 12 years with no family is in urgent need of a foster home in West Middlesex. Would anyone who can help please communicate with the Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Great George Street, S.W.1.

A FOSTER-home in Middlesex is required for a boy of 11 who needs the care of understanding foster-parents. Anyone willing to help should communicate with the Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Great George Street, S.W.1.

HAVE you been through a Basic Course at the Henry George School? Free Classes in Economics at Westminster and in London suburbs. Enrol now. Tel. ABBey 6665.

YOUR help is needed for World University Service. Please listen to Professor Denis Brogan, B.B.C. Home Services, Sunday, January 18, 8.25 p.m.

YOU really should turn to "Books & Publications" column this week. Now! Peter Nevill, Ltd.

DECORATIVE help for the home. Lampshades, pleated, fluted, plain, made in silk, buckram, etc. Shelves, furniture, etc., painted. Curtains, bedcovers, sewn. Box 5040.

YOU do not need a holiday or a rest-cure if you have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing and invigorating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½*gns.* evg. WHI. 3678.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

YOGHOURT made from milk easily and cheaply at home. Dets.: Yalacta Products, Ltd., Dept. P, Poplar Rd., Shipley, Yorks.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

DUREX Gloves, finger stalls and all surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

STORY, article, etc., writing, well-known author-journalist can accept few private postal pupils. Mod. fees. Box 5901.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

VITAMIN B. Your full daily requirement of essential B vitamins is provided by one dessertspoonful of pleasant-tasting Vita-Yeast. From Chemists, 3s. and 5s. 6*d.*

PERSONAL—continued

WINTER and Summer Holidays 1953. We can still include you in one of our Spring ski-ing parties to Austria in Feb., March or April, or suggest an attractive Summer holiday for you with a group of professional people or independently. Full details: Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd. London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FOR details of Holidays in Europe within the £25 travel allowance and leaving ample spending money, write, 'phone or call for 1953 Summer Programme, Hotel Plan, Ltd. (Tours & Travel), 245 Regent Street, London, W.1. Tel.: GROsvenor 8921.

1953 holidays. Our new programme has just been published. Walking tours in the Swiss Alps, Pyrenees, Dolomites, etc. Sightseeing in Greece, Southern Italy, Paris, Portugal, Yugoslavia. Pioneering in Bosnia, the Atlas Mountains, Lapland. Mountaineering in the Tyrol, Savoy, Switzerland. Camping in Corsica. Youth hostelling in Luxembourg, the Black Forest, the Bernese Oberland. Ski-ing in Switzerland and Austria. Nearly 100 different holidays to choose from—and all of them out of the ordinary. Write for programme to Ramblers' Association Services, 48a Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1.

WINTER Sports Finhaut—Beautiful Swiss village. Party leaving February 7. Beginners welcome. Low prices. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Telephone 256.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon in the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS3), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

YUGOSLAV holidays from £27 10s. (15 days inc.). Also Israel, Africa and countries in Europe. Programme Easter-October. Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2. Send s.a.e.

MAJORCA, Spain's island Paradise for a unique 14 day holiday at the Hotel Costa Brava at lovely Puerto de Soller by air on specially advantageous terms including full board £53 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. MS3), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

A SUPERB Tour of Italy. Capri, Sorrento, Pompeii, Naples, Rome, Milan. 16 days 49*gns.* Escorted throughout by Mr. Lamming. Illus. booklet from Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. Cha. 6436/7.

THE Different Holiday. 12-day cruises on England's lovely Waterways. Brochure from Waterborne Tours, BCM/Canals, W.C.1.

A FREE holiday is offered to welfare officers, students, teachers, managers or other organisers if their party numbers 16 or more. Incl. arrangements with air charter or rail travel. Full details from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-9 months' stay Switzerland, France, Belgium for young educated girls willing help with children, easy housework; pocket money. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC 0820.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

RUSSIAN lessons by experienced Russian teacher. Box 5376.

FRENCH tuition by French student, 6s. per hour. Write Box 5996.

YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9, "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

FRENCH tuition, conversation, London area, by Frenchman, graduate. Box 5997.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

P.S. Get sunburnt in the snow this Easter! Special ski parties for students, present, ex and near, in Switzerland, Austria and the Savoy. From 28½ guineas for 16 days, skis and instruction included. Departures March 16, 27 and 28.

P.P.S. Arranged, of course, by Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow—'Phone Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1.—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

LET "Education Today" guide you through today's educational problems. The only publication of its kind in this country. Quarterly from all newsagents (one shilling) or College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. January issue now ready.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"LORD Oxford and the Shakespeare Group," by Colonel Montagu Douglas, C.S.I., C.I.E. Summary of evidence as by J. T. Looney, Canon Rendall, Prof. Slater, that Edward de Vere was main author of Shakespearean Works. All booksellers 8s. 6*d.* Simpkin Marshall (distributor). Alden Press, Oxford.

KINSEY Report and You! Just out. Sex-Beliefs & Customs, by Albert Ellis, M.D. "Takes up where the Kinsey Report leaves off"—U.S. Press. "Wise & enlightened"—Bertrand Russell. Of all booksellers or 19s post free: Peter Nevill, 50-52 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7.

WE want books by Bernstein, Borkenau, Bukharin, Kautsky, Pokrovsky, Rosenberg, Trotsky, etc., and all good books always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

"INTIMACY," by Jean Paul Sartre. "Leaves 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' asleep at the post" (Punch). Now available again 12s. post free; Bernard Hanison, Ltd. (Dept. NS3), 11 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

ENGLISH, French, German novels bought. Top prices for review copies. Pulteney's, 338 King's Rd., S.W.3. FLA. 1194.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, will find that book you want. Send your list of wanted titles to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPEWRITING/Duplicating. Lit. MSS, testimonials, theses a speciality. Accurate, attractive presentation. Personal supervision Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAL. 5391.

MRS. Archer for MSS. Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 5230.

EFFICIENT home typewriting service, mod. charges. Walton-on-Thames 5567.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

DUPLCTNG/typg./MSS edited. Kiwi Business Agency. GER. 0276 or CAN. 5969.

TYPING. All kinds effic. & promptly carried out. Van Emden Agency. Box 6121.

DUPLICATING/Typewriting. Price Lists, Memoranda, etc. Eyles (Duplicating), 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARChway 1765, Ext. 1.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement, 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAL. 7479.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translations (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 501/2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

TRANSLATIONS, abstracts, very moderate. Box 5961.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6*d.* Meals optional.

LONDON. Superior guest house, 27 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed and Breakfast, 15s.

SERVICE Rooms, Chelsea, fully furn., central htg., c.h.w., full breakfast & dinner incl., 5½*gns.* p.w. FLA. 7755.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

SPACIOUS, newly furnished & decorated bed-sitting rooms, service, concealed H. & C. Quiet road between Swiss Cottage & Abbey Rd.—£2 12s. 6*d.*, £3 3s. MAI. 2962.

CAWDOR Hotel, 9 Kensington Gdns. Sq., W.2. B. & B. from 12s. 6*d.* BAY. 0466.

ROOM in centrally heated St. John's Wood flat for single man. CUN. 2930.

TO let to prof./business woman 2 attractive furnished rooms in modern flat. Usual facilities. Near Tube & buses. Phone evenings Maida Vale 3842.

FURN. flat s/c. Hampstead, newly dec., 2 large divan rooms, kit., dining-room, bathroom, 'phone, 6*gns.* PRI. 2092.

FURN. flat: 2 lge. rms., bthrm. C.h.w. Nr. Golders Grn. Stn. 4½*gns.* Box 6111.

FEMALE (twenties) offered share of flat (own room), N.4. 2½*gns.* includes breakfast and evening meal. Box 5430.

2 comf. rooms private house, 30s. & 35s. p.w. Clapham South. BAT. 3565.

VACANT soon. Lge. single room. Nr. Marble Arch. No cooking. 50s. Box 5913.

CENT.-heated, sunny, furn. room. Private modern flat. H. & C. basin. Use kit., bath. Mod. rent. Phone evenings pref. WES. 2267.

FULL board & own room in modern young (Unorthodox) Jewish household. To live as one of family. Moderate terms. 5 mins. from Southgate Station. Box 6129.

WOMAN journalist offers share Hampstead flat, near Tube, Heath, with another prof. woman. Rent £10 per month. Box 6131.

FURN. bedsitting room, twin divans, own cooking facils. 5 mins. Edgware station. Suit 2 friends, 25s. p.w. each. STO. 6048.

KENSINGTON: Single bed-sitting room available. £3 3s. p.w. H.C. Table-top gas-cooker. Light and linen provided. Telephone: WEStern 4097.

SOUTHGATE: comf. bed.-sit. rm., ckg. facils., various amenities prov., near bus/tube, suit professional lady. Box 5946.

LARGE room, bus. woman. St. John's Wood flat. Share kit., bath, tel. Box 6056.

MAN offd. room bach. flat Bayswater, tel. din.-kit., etc. Reasonable. Box 5889.

N.S. & N. reader (f) offers share comf. flat with girl (20-30) till April. Ign. MOU. 6124. Tues., Wed., Thurs. evgs. after 7.

CLOSE Belsize Pk. Tube. Well furn. b/s. room, brkfst., bath, to gentleman. Tel. after 4, wk. ends after 11 a.m. PRI. 2403.

FURN. Double Bed-sit., near Bounds Green Tube, Basses Sports Grnds. Bus. men. H. & C. Gas meter. Refs. reqd. Box 6190.

SUNNY bedsitting-room. Breakfast, supper optional. Quiet modern house, mod. terms, 25 mins. W. End. GLA. 7297.

ST. JOHN'S Wood. Charming single divan-room. Basin (h. & c.), electric cooker, £2 18s. 6*d.* weekly. PRI. 4485.

GOOD home offered for some help & baby-sitting. SPEedwell 6055.

KENSINGTON: Large bed-sit. room avail. Tues.-Thurs. WES. 4205 after 6 p.m.

FURN. bedroom & sitting-room in charming Kensington house. Private bathroom. Use kit., cutlery, crockery, some service. Rent inclusive C.H., C.H.W., light, use linen, £5 5s. p.w. Suit single person. Box 6117.

WIMBLEDON Cmn., fur. flatlet, 2 pleas. rms. Use bthrm. Excel. transport facils. Suit 2 bus. ladies. £3. WIM. 5846.

TWO bed-sitting rooms, 3 and 4 guineas respectively, available private house South Kensington. Gas fires and rings. Some service. Third room possible. Box 6169.

COUPLE with two school-age children, large, modern house, Beckenham, offer two part-furn. rooms, own kitchen, bath, nominal incl. rent 30s., to childless, well-educated couple. Take charge occasionally during parents' absence. Box 6036.

N. DEVON farmhouse: small s/c. furnished flat to let. E.l., Calor gas, h. & c. Rent, including e.l. & hot water, 3*gns.* weekly, 4*gns.* July and August. Box 6076.

YOUNG prof. couple, no children, seek furn. or unfurn. 2-bedroom flat. Box 6067.

BACHELOR reqs. London flat. Refs. gladly given. State rent. Box 6093.

WANTED by quiet cultured lady unfurn./furnished room, cheap, any district, part-time service. Box 6104.

WANTED: 3-bedroom dwelling, furnished, near Hampstead. Rob. Edy, Longridge, Old Woking Road, Purford, Surrey.

WANTED, furn. flatlet for two from middle February. Hampstead or Marylebone area preferred. Refs. supplied. Box 6162.

HIGH Commission of India employee sks. small furn./unfurn. flat, reasonable rent, Central London: Willing purchase fittings at value. Box 6114.

TWO prof. girls urg. req. furn. bed-sitting room, with ckng. facils., in pleas. house, Reas. Hampstead area prefd. Box 6194.

CIVIL Servant (m) requires accommodation in Bristol—on average 3 nights a week, mainly Fri.-Sun. Might share flat. Anything considered. Box 5706.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Senior Lecturer in the School of Political Science and Public Administration, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. Applicants should have had practical experience of administration, and some knowledge of administration in New Zealand would be an advantage. University training and teaching experience in political science or public administration is desirable but not essential. The salary will be £1,000 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,400 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Duties to commence April 1, 1954, or as soon thereafter as agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is February 16, 1953.

GIRTON College, Cambridge. The Council propose to appoint a Director of Studies and Lecturer (or Assistant Lecturer) in Geography, preferably resident in College, to hold office from October 1, 1953. Election into a Fellowship may be made on appointment, or subsequently. The pensionable emoluments will be related to category of hours of instruction, to seniority, and to whether an office in the University is also held. Applications are invited as soon as possible and not later than February 20, 1953, addressed to the College Secretary, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited for the post of Drawing and Painting Master. Salary £900 by £25 to £1,000. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire.—H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

INSPECTOR of Housecraft (woman) required for the London County Council Education Inspectorate to advise upon, organise and inspect Housecraft education in various types of educational establishments. Needlework qualifications an advantage. Salary £720-£1,130. (May commence above min.) Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, for return by January 30. (1354).

NORTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. Junior Administrative Assistant, Grade D, required. Salary scale £480 — £15(2) - £20(4) — £570 plus London Weighting £10-£30 according to age. Administrative experience, preferably in the hospital service, desirable. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience to be made by letter to Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a Portland Place, W.1, by January 28, 1953.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant House Father at Littlegreen, Compton, the County Council's Home for about 65 related children between the ages of 2 and 15 years. Littlegreen is run on "family" lines and the person appointed would be responsible, jointly with an Assistant House Mother, for an all-age group of 10 boys and girls. Friendly, non-institutional atmosphere. Applicants should be interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes and should either hold the Home Office Child Care Certificate or have had wide experience in the residential care of children. Salary £278 4s. per annum (rising to £375 8s.) will be deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward.

JEWISH Board of Guardians Boys' Home. Appointment of Honorary Warden. Good accommodation and living is offered to a married couple able and willing to take charge of the home and look after about 12 boys between the ages of 13 and 18 years. Emphasis is laid on desired qualifications — leadership, sympathy, experience in dealing with boyhood problems; active supervision of leisure time of boys, and a wholehearted identification with the purposes of the Home, namely to create a real home life and atmosphere. Resident domestic staff will be provided. The duties do not prevent the Warden from following his own occupation or profession. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 127 Middlesex Street, London, E.1.

WANDSWORTH, Streatham, C.L.P., invites applications for the post of Secretary-agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms: Mr. P. J. Hendrie, 7 Amesbury Ave., S.W.2, to whom they should be returned not later than March 1, 1953.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Sub-editor in News Division. Work involves accurate condensation of news of all kinds for use in news periods. Good education and journalistic experience (including good sub-editorial background) are essential. Alternate day and night shifts throughout the year. Salary £795 rising by five annual increments to £1,065 p.a. maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "News N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

ASSISTANT Commissioners, National Savings Committee. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 10 pensionable posts. Age at least 25 on March 1, 1953, reduced to 21 if qualifications exceptional. University education and knowledge of economics desirable. Final year university students may apply. Experience of public speaking, supervision of office procedure, organisation of work with the public, an advantage. Salary in London: £467 (men) or £445 (women) at age 25 and over on entry to maximum of £933 (men) or £796 (women). Starting pay reduced by about £27 (men) and £22 (women) for each year below 25. Somewhat lower in Provinces. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 154/53; application forms to be returned by February 5, 1953.

GOLDERS Green Jewish Youth Club with mixed membership of 200, ages 13 to 18 years, meeting five evenings a week, regular programme of Jewish, cultural and sporting activities, require Club Leader. Must be capable organiser and able to take charge of administration together with a group of active Managers. Write, giving full particulars, to C. J. Morris, 65 Stamford Lodge, N.16.

FESTIVAL Manager wanted for the Taw and Torridge (North Devon) Festival, July 11-19, 1953. Duties involve organising ability and experience with artists and press. Appointment subject to month's notice from July 31, with possibility of permanency. Salary £500 or according to qualifications. Reply Festival Office, Town Hall, Bideford, within seven days.

LEAGUE of Coloured Peoples, a Welfare Organisation, urgently requires Office Secretary-Stenographer. Preference for mature person. Interested in well-being of Coloured Peoples essential. Apply: General Secretary, 3 Robert Street, London, N.W.1.

ORGANISATION for social welfare work among Germans in G.B. seeks Organising Secretary, experienced social and administrative work, first-rate German. Salary £500 p.a. Box 6122.

TRADE Union has vacancy for senior shorthand typist for editorial work. Good English reqd., inc. ability to conduct own correspondence. 35-hour 5-day week & good conditions. Apply Gen. Secy., Assocn. of Engineering & Shipbuilding Draughtsmen, Onslow Hall, Little Green, Richmond, Surrey.

WANTED, private secretary (female) with the following qualifications: expert shorthand typist, knowledge of bookkeeping, availability for travel and interest in politics (Labour). Age 28/35. Box 6125.

EXPERIENCED woman (over 25) required to take charge of small buying agency. Typing essential, shorthand an advantage. Must have some experience of accounts and be capable of working on own initiative. Write, stating age, experience and salary required, to Box 6149.

BOOKKEEPER, adaptable and capable, wanted for Travel Service. Lady with knowledge shorthand/typing, office routine and foreign exchange preferred. Box 6140.

WANTED: Secretary, good shorthand, literary tastes. 5 p.m. W.2 dist. Box 6070.

BOOKSHOP assistant required, previous experience and shorthand-typing preferred. Apply in writing, Manager, International Bookshop, 52 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff placed—perm. and temp. Typing/Duplictg., Translatns., Trafalgar 9090.

THE Savile Agency can supply good domestic staff. 32 Savile Row, W.1. REG. 0916.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man (21) with good H.S.C., speaks Russian, French, Spanish, types, experience of teaching, would take a job anywhere to do anything. Box 6073.

BACHELOR, 50. Expd. wages, etc., clerk. Reared countryside. Desires return to country, remote or otherwise. Poultry farming similar. Wd. share all duties with fellow bach. Musical. Wages secondary consid. Splendid ref. avail. Suggestions? Box 6105.

BEVANITE, yng., travelled, now returned 2 yrs. U.S.A. (data, recorder, election tapes) exp. political org., writing. Box 6087.

EXPERIENCED Secretary (shorthand-typing), specially interested in position connected with theatre, films, music, literature. Secretary, c/o Dr. Mosco Carner, 59 Edwardes Square, London, W.8.

RETIRED professional woman (M.A. Lond.) sks. whole- or part-time work, pref. resident in or near London. Wide exp. home and abroad educational, admin., literary. Psychology, Maths., French, Arabic. Box 6100.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EX Air Stewardess, B.O.A.C., University graduate, fluent Spanish, French, good presence, desires post offering scope individuality and initiative. Box 6161.

LINGUIST, German, French, Czech, seeks employment evenings only. Box 5998.

CARETAKING of flats, London, or similar post sought now where integrity is valued by North-countrywoman with daughter (5 years). Sal. according to duties. Box 6039.

FLUENT linguist, French/German/Spanish/Russian, expd. bookkeeper, seeks evng., wk.-end work. Own typwrtr. Box 5976.

OXFORD grad. willing work abroad. Anywhere, anything. Mar./April. Box 5945.

YNG. German girl, sks. work in London. German, Ital., English, typg. Box 5944.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

PART-time post urgently reqd. by woman graduate in Sociology, as Social Case-worker or similar. Box 6051.

B.A. (Com.), woman, 25. Business experience, shorthand-typing, fluent French, skilled draftsmanship, willing to travel; seeks position with prospects. Box 6014.

YNG. lady sks. post in print shop, art shop/booksellers, London. Box 6083.

WOMAN Secretary-Shorthand/Typist, wide experience, good French and Spanish, requires post. Box 6118.

SOCIALIST, 22, m., wd. welcome any post of service to his ideals, also keen travel abroad. Sal. 2nd consideration. Box 5966.

LADY cook caterer seeks post in small exclusive luncheon club or tea room, where high-class cookery is essential. Good salary required. Box 5947.

FIRST-CLASS sec. (Service widow), 4 yrs. with technical author, reqs. pt.-time job or 2-3 days employment wkly. Box 5968.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Post-Graduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships, for full-time research or advanced study: In any subject: (a) Post-Graduate Studentships (£275 for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship (£275 p.a. for one or two years); (c) Artlur Jubber Studentship (£250 for one year); (d) Post-Graduate Travelling Studentship (value according to need—for one year). For Literary Studies: (e) Frida Mond Studentship (£130* p.a. for two years). For Modern Languages: (f) George William Britt (Senior) Studentship (£100* for one year). *The Ministry of Education may supplement at their normal rates. Applicants for (a), (b), (c), (e) and (f) must be Graduates of not more than three years' standing; for (d) they must be under the age of 28. Forms and further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, W.C.1, to whom completed applications should be returned by March 1, 1953.

WHERE TO STAY

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Good food, comfort and warmth. Club Licence. Sharpthorne 17.

WHY not visit the Lake District for your holiday this year. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Conferences and parties welcome. Anne Horner. Phone 508.

TINTAGEL (tel. 57) Cornwall. Trethevy Hotel Wonderful sea view, comf. rooms (h. & c.), home ckg., reas. terms. Brochure.

NEAR Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans; charming modern Guest House in lovely country; London 24 miles. Telephone Jordans 2155.

SOUTH Cornwall: River Fowey. Holiday accommodation, excellent food, large farmhouse. All modern comforts. Brochure. Mrs. Wheeler, Penquite, Golant, Par, Cornwall. 'Phone Fowey 124.

CROFT House, Burcot, Oxon. Oxford 8 miles. Ideal for winter residence, convalescence. C. Htg. Fishing, tennis, billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Clifton Hampden 232.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. 3s. 6d., postage 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. £5 10s. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

CARAVAN & chalets for country camping & hol. beside West Looe River. Sea 2 ms. Shallowpool, Nr. Looe, Cornwall. Looe 278.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 21s. day, 6gns. wkly. incl., from Oct. 1. Tel. 1944.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty-spot, sea and country, on S. Coast. 3 minutes sandy beach; H. & C.; Continental cooking; children welcomed. Golding, 52 Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

IDEAL for quiet winter holidays, with gd. food, warmth, every comf., amidst peaceful surrndgs. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter Holiday? All needing warmth, comfort and good food in quiet private hotel used by readers in resort medically commended are invited write informative Brochure, 5½gns. & 6½gns. inclusive extras, i.e., gratuities, early tea, heated bedroom (C.H. throughout). Singles or Twin Beds; Slumberlands; 2 well-appointed lounges. Meals in bedroom if desired. Meat/fish or vegetarian diet. Normanhurst, Sea-Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Facing South; best posn. opp. covered walk; 12 doors Warrior Sq.; 3-mile prom. Near Sun-Lounge orchestra, curative baths. Sheltered from N. & N.E. Many sun shelters. Hastings 4784.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel, 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of Photographs. 2s. 8d. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. N.S.N., 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Spring is here. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey milk. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Excellent cuisine and all personal comforts guaranteed. Manageress, Mrs. Acles. Port Isaac 234.

GUEST house on Costa Brava for those preferring quiet private house atmosphere. Good cuisine, good wine, sun, perfect scenery, lovely garden. Full particulars from John Langdon-Davies, Casa Rovira, San Feliu de Guixols, Gerona, Spain.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Landte. Oberhofen/Thunersee. Small Hotel directly by Lake. Very mod. Families welc.

SCHOLARSHIPS

HEADINGTON School, Oxford. Two Open Entrance Scholarships and a Music Scholarship are offered on the results of an examination to be held on February 3 to 6. Girls must be over 11 and under 14 on September 1, 1953. The maximum value of the awards is £160. Closing date for entries January 27. Particulars and application forms from the Head Mistress.

SCHOOLS

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1953 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorks. 8-18. Recognised and co-educational; progressive but disciplined. Small classes; preparation for G.C.E. at all levels; exceptional Art, Music and Crafts. Emphasis on initiative and poise. Headmaster: Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

MISCELLANEOUS

RECORDINGS of Shostakovich's "Song of the Forests" in limited quantity—for list of "Topic" Records of unique musical interest send stamped addressed envelope to W.M.A. (TR), 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2.

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8923.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

SAVE 10s. in the £1. Buy your unrationed tea in bulk. 5 lb pure Indian tea for 12s. 6d. post paid. Send postal order direct to John Bennett & Co., Billiter Bldgs., London, E.C.3, wholesalers for over a century.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Pantek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Records: fine collection, reasonable offer; Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, moderately good, offers?; Ronson table lighter (unused); small Aga cooker; Noiseless Standard Remington Typewriter (seen Hampstead), perfect, £15; Zeiss Binocs., 7-50 Ger. naval, & leather case, £48; Zeiss Spr. Nettel 35 crf. camera & leather case, £33; Gramophone record collection for the critical only; BH. cine 16 type 75, Ross 1.9, TH. tele 4.5, & pan tripod, £45; BH. proj. 16m. 500w. spare lamp, transfmr. & case, £38; Soundmirror tape recorder mike & tapes, £58; MSS disc recorder & full equipment as used by famous nature recordist, £78; Rotr. conv. 12-240, £4.

WANTED: Complete set, recent edition, Encyclopaedia Britannica; Borkenau: Communist International; Socialist literature; Russian Linguaphone.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7, Sat., Sun., 5 & 8. "Maria Marten." Run extended. Last two weeks. Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "The Bridge of Life." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems.

IRVING (Whi. 8657). London's Only Late-Night Theatre. Evgs. 10.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun., 9.30. "In the Picture." Praise from the Press: "Shapely girls show off themselves and their voices in songs and sketches, and there is a sharp snapshot by Digby Wolfe of a Film Society secretary appealing for new members in a singularly unattractive manner."—Manchester Guardian. "Here is a Revue with sparkle: 'In the Picture' is bright and witty: Digby Wolfe gives point and polish to this excellent show."—Evening News. "This latest collection of sketches has pace, wit and imagination."—Daily Worker. "Anthony Hayes, Digby Wolfe, Valerie Forrest, Joan Plowright and James Ottaway have a bright say in a show which finds new fun in a familiar field of satire."—Daily Mail. Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. Licensed till midnight. Ann. mem. 5s.

"FIRST Stage" Society Reading of "Alexander The Great," a new play by I. D. Shamah with David Peel, prod. Julius Gellner, Sun., Jan. 18, 8 p.m. Three Arts Centre, 35 Gt. Cumberland Place. Members 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d. Subs. 2s. 6d.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Cocteau Season: Until Jan. 18: "L'Aigle a Deux Têtes" (A). Fr. Jan. 19 "Les Parents Terribles" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sun., Jan. 18 to Wed., Jan. 21, 6.30, 8.30. Wed., Mat. 2.30 (Mems. only). Buster Keaton in "The General." Sat., Jan. 17. Open to Public. "Road to Ruin" (Last Day). Doors 12.30. Details of membership from the British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Jan. 18, 7.30, "Tromba" (X) (German).

SAILING Barge: Glencoe Arts Club, Brewers Quay, Tower Hill (adjacent Tower Pier). Poetry reading—David Wright & Paddy Dyer read from their own works, 8 p.m., Sat., Jan. 17. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 1s. Bar open to members 5 p.m.-11 p.m. daily. HIL. 2592.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat. Jan. 17, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Sat., Jan. 17, 7.30-11 p.m. Dance. Ted Macs Band (MU). Adm: 2s. 6d. members, 3s. 6d. friends (light refs.) licenced bar for members only.

MEET your friends Sunday night at the Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Dancing 7-10.30, first-class Band, Restaurant open. Adm. mems. 2s., guests 2s. 6d.

PETER Ustinov, Clare Bloom, Franz Osborn, Larry Adler, George Mikes and other artists take part in the Coming-of-Age Party of "Adam International Review," French Institute, Fri., Jan. 30, 9.15 p.m. By invitation only. Apply 28 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Jan. 23 at 8. London Baroque Ensemble, Cond. Karl Haas. Serenades—Dvorak & Mozart; Symphony—Strauss. WATerloo 3191 & Agents.

DR. Reginald Jacques on "The B minor Mass" (2nd of 5 Illustrated Lectures sponsored by L.B.S. and Eric Greene, Esq.) 6.30 p.m. on Wed., Jan. 21 at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., or at Hall on night of Lecture.

LIES Askonas in association with Wilfrid Van Wyck announces Mattiwilda Dobbs, Coloratura Soprano, with Gerald Moore, Pianoforte. Wigmore Hall, Sun., Jan. 25 at 3. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall, WEL. 2141 & Agents.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

S.E.A. Pictures for Schools Exhibition. Art Gallery, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, January 10-29. Weekdays 10-4.30, Sundays 2.30-6. Admission free.

MATISSE Sculpture and Studies for Paintings. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 22. Week-days 10-6; Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

MAX Ernst. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues. to Fri. 11-6. Sat. 11-5. Gallery closed Sun. & Mon.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.1. Etchings and Sculpture by Peter L. Peri, Dec. 21 until Jan. 23.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Sculptures and Drawings by Georg Ehrlich. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CHINESE Ceramics from Sir Alan Barlow's Collection, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 31, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery. Bruton Place, W.1. Winter Exhibition of Drawings and XIX Century French Paintings.

IRVING Galleries. Until Jan. 27. Paintings & Drawings, Dutch, English and French, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by Ursula McCannell. 1st Exhibition of Paintings by J. D. H. Cutleugh.

THE Pastel Society. 47th Exhibition at R.I. Galleries, 195 Piccadilly. Daily 10-5 incl. Sats. till 30th. Adm. 1s.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Edward Wakeford. Watercolours by Frank Brown. Small Paintings by Nénad. Until February 6.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries.

INTERNATIONAL Sculpture Competition. Exhibition British Entries. New Burlington Galleries. Old Burlington St., W.1. Daily 10-6. Tues., Thurs. till 8 p.m.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1953. Mon. and Thurs., Jan. 26, 29, Feb. 2, 5, 9, 12, 16, 19, at 5 p.m., Professor A. P. Whitaker, "The Western Hemisphere Idea and Pan Americanism, 1800-1950." Thurs., Jan. 29, at 5.30, The Chambers Memorial Lecture by Mr. John Wilks, "The Influence of R. W. Chambers on the Development of University Libraries." Thurs. and Mon., Feb. 5, 9, 12, 19, 23, at 5.30, Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by Professor Peter Alexander, "Shakespeare's Tragedies: Their Interpretation." Tues., Feb. 17, 24, Mar. 3, at 5 p.m., The Barlow Lectures on Dante by Mr. Colin Hardie. Wed., Feb. 18, 25, at 5.30, Mr. Y. B. Olsson. "Humorous Writing in Sweden." Complete List of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY of London Philosophical Study Group Lectures. 5.15 p.m. Tues., Jan. 20: Prof. K. R. Popper, "The Philosophy of Politics," School of Oriental Studies. Tues., Feb. 3: Dr. G. J. Whitrow, "The Philosophy of Mathematics," Union Assembly Hall.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Middle East: Israel Speaks to the People of All Nations," by Michael Arnon, Press Attaché Israeli Embassy (by courtesy of His Excellency), Thurs., Jan 22, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions/Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 20, Guilfoyle Williams, B.Sc., "The Problem of Mental Healing." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Friday, Jan. 16. Mr. Hellman, "Post-War Germany."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 18. Hector Hawton, "Ethics and Total War." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

TEACHERS for Peace. Report of Vienna Peoples' Congress for Peace by Observers: Miss M. Davies, M.Sc. (Chairman Teachers for Peace) and Dr. F. L. Jackson (Science for Peace). Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Wed., Jan. 21, 7 p.m.

DORIS C. Chaplin: "Psychology and Choice of Career," at 42a Westbere Rd., off Minster Rd., N.W.2, Sat., Jan. 17, 2.45.

"ISRAEL in World Politics." Speaker: The Ambassador of Israel, at the Royal Society of Arts, January 19, 6 p.m. First lecture in series "The State of Israel." Members free. Others 2s. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

ORIGIN of Earth. Discussion on new theory of Otto Schmidt (see Anglo Soviet Journal, Autumn, 1952), introduced by Dr. M. J. Seaton. Chair: Prof. L. Hawkes, F.R.S. Tues., Jan. 20, at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, 7.30. Tkts: 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & Stud. 1s.)

ADLERIAN Society of Gt. Britain. "The Application of Individual Psychology to the Problem of Love & Marriage," by Mrs. N. R. Beattie, Dipl. Psych. (Lond.), second of 3 lectures on the "three-fold challenge of life." 7.30 sharp. Fri., Jan. 23, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-mems. 2s.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m., Jan. 18: "Cycles of Evolution." Jan. 25: "Man: Creator, Preserver, Destroyer." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, near Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

PERSONALITY versus Popery. The argument for Plural or Collateral Marriage for Both sexes after seven years. Edward Wilson, M.D. Non-Register (for years a supporter and defender of a modified Rationalist Faith). Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., Jan. 25, 7 p.m. Collection. Bayswater stations Circle and Central line two minutes.

W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment. Residents' Tea Club, Sun. Jan. 18. Mr. Joshua Nkomo, Delegate from Rhodesia, speaking on Central African Federation. 4, p.m., tea 3.30 p.m. Public welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE meeting arranged by the League of Coloured Peoples for Jan. 16 at Holborn Hall, at which Mr. Kingsley Martin would have spoken is cancelled. Mr. Martin has been called away on a visit to the Far East.

HERBERT Morrison gives 1st Lecture in London Labour Party New Year Series "The Tasks Ahead." Fri., Jan. 23, 7.30, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. Tickets 1s., apply London Labour Party, 258/262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

NORMAN MacKenzie of the N.S. & N. on "Socialists and Eisenhower." North West London Fabian Meeting at King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11 (210 bus from Golders Green Stn.). Thurs., Jan. 22, 8 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Discussion-Meeting on "Rents" at 7.30 p.m. Wednesday, January 21 at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

KENYA under the Iron Heel. Public Protest Meeting—Holborn Hall (small hall), Gray's Inn Rd., 8 p.m., Thurs., Jan. 22. Leaflet obtainable, Contemporary Press, 26 Heber Rd., London, N.W.2.

INDIA Day, January 26. Demonstration Meeting at Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.C., M.P., Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, V. K. Krishna Menon. Indian orchestra and songs. Tickets 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., from The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., Jan. 19, 8.30. Poetry Reading. William Empson, Charles Madge, Ronald Bottrall reading their own works. Tues., Jan. 20, 8.30. Architectural Criticisms 2. Hallfield Housing Scheme will be discussed. Chair: J. M. Richard.

MOSCOW In Construction. Symposium by recent architect visitors to U.S.S.R. Arthur Ling; John Pinckheard; F. Skinner (chair). With colour film "Moscow Constructions." Mon., Jan. 19, at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 7 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & Students 2s.).

"THE Work of the Council of Christians & Jews." Address by Albert I. Polack, M.A. (Education Officer of the Council), at Sunday Service, January 18, at 11.30, at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

INTERNAT. Brains Trust on Social Problems. Younger Discn. Group (Hampstead Ethical Soc.), Studio Hse., Rosslyn Hill, corner Hampstead Hill Gdns., Mon., Jan. 19, 8 p.m.

"POLAND'S Voice at the Vienna Peace Congress". Speaker: Rev. Stanley Evans. Chairman: Walter Spradbery. Questions and discussion. Fri. Jan. 16, 7.45 p.m. All welcome. Refreshments. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1.

ANGLO-German Assocn.: Prof. L. W. Forster on "Modern German Poetry." Thurs., Jan. 22, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 6.30 p.m.

"RELIGION as a Civilising Force in History"—The Middle Ages. Under the auspices of the London Society of Jews & Christians, with the Rev. Prof. Alfred Guillaume in the Chair. Speakers: Dr. J. L. Teicher & Maurice B. Reckitt. At King's Weigh House Church, Duke St., Oxford St., W.1, on Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8 p.m.

MADAME Anne-Marie Matley will speak on "The Literary Works of Andre Gide," January 23, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

WESTERN Buddhist Order holds meetings and services for Buddhists and those interested in Buddhism at Friends House, Euston Road, at 6.30 p.m. each Friday.

LUNCH Hour Talks. Tuesdays at 1.10. Caxton Hall, S.W. Jan. 20: "The Yoga of the Gita." Jan. 27: "Control of Thought."

WELCOME West Indian Peace delegates from Vienna. Cllr. Sidney King of P.P.P. British Guiana & others. Sunday, January 18, 3.30 p.m. Holborn Hall. Sponsors: Caribbean Labour Congress (L/B).

AFRICA speaks to London: Public Meeting, Friday, January 23, 7 p.m. Church House, called by African chiefs and representatives from Central Africa.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Jan. 24 at 6. Prof. Jean Fiolle (Alliance Française): "L'évolution, les buts et le rôle social de la chirurgie contemporaine."

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Jan. 21, 6.30 p.m. Public Meeting: 'Any Questions' on Buddhist Doctrine and Philosophy. Questions invited.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Truth in Existentialism." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Jan. 18, at 11 a.m.

LONDON Jewish Grads'. Assoc. Mon., Jan. 19. Mr. Joseph Yahuda: "A Legislative Plan for Socialism." Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, at 8. Vis. 2s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221. Week-end Courses: see page 74.

PITMAN'S Shorthand. Private tuition. No classes. Beginners or speed. Afternoons or evenings. Paddington 6929.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "The Geometry of Mental Measurement" will be given by Prof. Sir Godfrey Thomson (Edinburgh) at 6 p.m. on January 20, 21 and 22 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free without ticket.

POTTERY in Bath at Easter. Course begins March 30 until April 10. Fee £10 10s. non-resident. Particulars from John Shelley, Bath Pottery, 39 Gay Street, Bath.

CITY of Portsmouth Training College. One Year Course for Mature Students leading to qualified status. Students must possess some special gift, experience or qualification valuable enough to justify a shortened course. For particulars apply to the Principal.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

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